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NEW

SERIES.

HILLARD'S INTERMEDIATE READER.



BREWER & TILESTON.
BOSTON.

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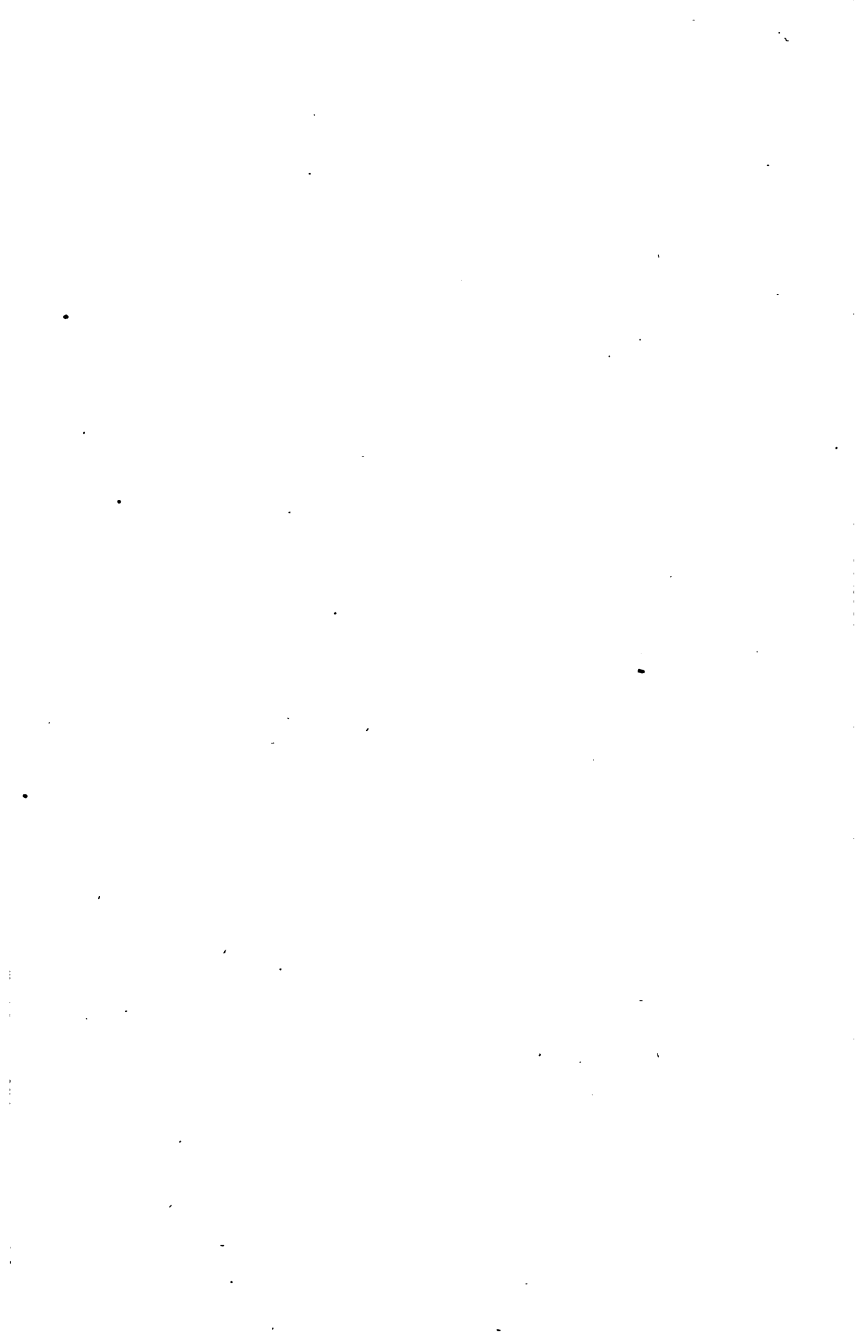
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THE

INTERMEDIATE READER:

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE ON READING AND THE
TRAINING OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.

BY

G. S. HILLARD.

With Original Illustrations.

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PREFACE.

THE INTERMEDIATE READER is intended for such schools as may require a reading book to come between the Fourth and Fifth Readers in the compiler's series. It is adapted to pupils of from ten to thirteen years of age, and corresponds to the Third Class Reader in the former series. Some of the most approved pieces of the Third Class Reader have been retained, but most of the selections are new. Some of them are familiar to teachers, but they are here reproduced because of their intrinsic merit and permanent interest. The difficult words in each lesson are carefully defined at the end. A few pictorial illustrations have been introduced. In the selection of the pieces, and the preparation of the work generally, the compiler has received substantial and valuable aid from L. J. Campbell, A. M.

G. S. HILLARD.

Boston, September 1, 1863.



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MARKS OR POINTS USED IN PRINTING.

The following points or marks are those most frequently used in written composition, and serve to show more clearly the writer's meaning, and the pauses and inflections required in reading.

The Comma (,) usually denotes the shortest stop in reading.

The Semicolon (;) requires a pause somewhat longer than a comma.

The Colon (:) requires a pause somewhat longer than a semicolon.

The Period (.) indicates the end of a sentence, and requires a full stop. It is also used after all abbreviations; as, *Mr.* for *Mister*, *Eng.* for *England*.

The Note of Interrogation (?) indicates that a question is asked; as, What is the matter?

The Note of Exclamation (!) is used after expressions of strong emotion, earnest addresses, &c.; as, Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

The Marks of Parenthesis () are used to enclose a word, phrase, or remark, which is explanatory, and which might be omitted without injury to the sense; as, Time (so it is said) is money.

The Dash (—) is used to denote an unfinished sentence, a sudden turn, an abrupt transition, or that a significant pause is required; as, "The pages of history — how is it that they are so dark and sad?"

REMARK. — The dash may be used after other points, to increase the length of a pause, and also instead of the marks of parenthesis.

The Apostrophe (') denotes the omission of one or more letters; as, *ne'er*, for *never*, *tho'*, for *though*. It is also the sign of the possessive case of nouns; as, *The boy's pen*, *The boys' pens*.

The Hyphen (-) is used to separate syllables, and also the parts of a compound word; as, *cit-i-zen*, *town-house*. It is also used at the end of a line, when part of a word is carried to the beginning of the next line.

Quotation Marks (" ") are used to show that the exact words of another are given; as, There is much truth in the proverb, "Light gains make heavy purses." A quotation within a quotation is marked by single points; as, He exclaimed, "The 'wide, wide sea' is before us."

Brackets, or Crochets, [], are chiefly used in citations to enclose an explanation, or correction, inserted by some other person than the author; as, "She [Nature] gave him [man] alone the power of laughing."

The Index, or Hand (*✎*), is used to show that special attention is directed to a particular passage. Sometimes three stars, arranged thus (* * *), are used instead of the Index.

The Brace (~) is used to connect two or more words or lines with something to which they are related; as, James } Stuart.
Charles }

Marks of Ellipsis (* * *) indicate the omission of letters, or words; as, *K^{ing} G^{orge}*, for *King George*. Sometimes a long dash, or a succession of dots, is used instead of the stars; as, *L—d M—y*, for *Lord Murray*.

The Diæresis (¨) is placed over the second of two vowels, to show that they must be sounded separately; as, *ærial*.

The Asterisk, or Star (*), the Dagger, or Obelisk (†), the Double Dagger (‡), the Section (§), Parallels (||), and the Paragraph (¶), are marks, used in the order here given, referring to the margin or the bottom of a page. Small Italic letters or the Arabic figures are sometimes employed for the same purpose.

THE INTERMEDIATE READER.

INTRODUCTION.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the utterance of the various vocal sounds represented by letters, and combinations of letters, in syllables.

Correct articulation is the basis of good reading. It implies a clear and accurate utterance of each syllable, a due proportion of sound to every letter, and a clearly-marked termination to each syllable or sound before another is commenced. It requires an exact knowledge of the elementary sounds, and their use in words as determined by the most approved custom. "In just articulation," says Austin (*Chironomia*), "the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable, nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion. They should neither be abridged, nor prolonged, nor swallowed, nor forced, and, if I may so express myself, shot from the mouth: they should not be trailed, nor drawled, nor let slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are to be delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."

The following **Exercises in Articulation** are designed for pupils as a *daily* discipline, during the entire time in which this volume is used. Every reading-lesson should be prepared for by an exercise in articulation, even though a short one. The sounds and words should be accurately and forcibly uttered, and especial attention should be given to such sounds as are liable to be perverted or suppressed. The importance of a thorough training in this department is especially commended to teachers.

Concert exercises upon the table of vowel sounds, with frequent changes of key, and with different degrees of force, sometimes with all the power of which the voice is capable, are well calculated to develop command of voice and promote accuracy in pronunciation. Similar exercises on the table of consonant sounds should not be neglected, since the defective utterance of the consonants is one of the chief causes of bad articulation. The tendency of the voice in reading is, to prolong and dwell upon the open vowel sounds, while many of the consonants are slid over or omitted.

TABLE OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

This table is designed for an exercise upon the vowel elements. These should be pronounced alone as well as in combination with the words given as examples. Let the class first pronounce the table in order, thus: A long, Fate, â; A short, Fat, ä, &c.; then pronounce the column of elements alone.

Remarks on the sounds of the letters will be found on page 12; also, under the Exercises on the vowel and the consonant sounds.

NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.	NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.
A long	Fäte	ā	O long and close	Môve	ô
A short	Făt	ă	U long	Tûbe	ū
A Italian	Fär	ä	U short	Tüb	û
A broad	Fâll	â	U middle or obtuse	Fâll	û
E long	Mäte	ē	U short and obtuse	Für	ü
E short	Mët	ě	OI and OY	Böil	öy
I long	Pîne	ī	OU and OW	Bôund	ôû
I short	Pîn	ĭ			
O long	Nôte	ō			
O short	Nôt	ö			

EQUIVALENTS.

E { short and obtuse, like ū in Für }	Hër	ë	U like O in Move	Râle	û
I like E long	Machine	î	Y like I long	Type	ÿ
I { short and obtuse, like ū in Für }	Sîr	ï	Y like I short	Symbol	ÿ
G like A broad	Nör	ö	Y { short and obtuse, like ū in Für }	Myrtle	ÿ
G like U short	Sôn	ô	EW like U long	New	eû

The following vowel sounds cannot be easily pronounced alone, as distinct elements, so as to be distinguished from some of the other sounds. See remarks on a long before r, a intermediate, and on the obscure sounds, page 15.

NAME.	EXAMPLES.	NAME.	EXAMPLES.
Â long before R . . .	Färe, pair.	I slight or obscure .	Ruin, ability.
Ä intermediate . . .	Fäst, brânek.	U slight or obscure .	Actor, confessa
Å slight or obscure . .	Lîar, palæce.	U slight or obscure .	Sulphur, famos-
Ê like A long before R	Hêir, thêre.	Y slight or obscure .	Truly ent
Ê slight or obscure . .	Briçr, fuçl.		

TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

This table should be treated by the class in the same manner as the table of vowel sounds. The sound of a consonant may be ascertained by pronouncing a word containing it in a slow and forcible manner.

Vocal Consonants are those uttered with a slight degree of vocality, but less than that of a vowel. They are formed with a vibration of the vocal chords.

Aspirate Consonants are those in which the pure breath alone is heard. They are formed without any vibration of the vocal chords.

VOCAL CONSONANTS.¹

NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.	NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.
B	Babe	b	R (trilled)	Rap	r
D	Did	d	R (untrilled)	Nor	r
G hard	Gag	g	TH soft	Thine	th
J	Joy	j	V	Valve	v
L	Lull	l	W	Wine	w
M	Maim	m	Y	Yes	y
N	Nun	n	Z	Zeal	z
NG	Sing	ng	ZH (or Z)	Azure	zh

ASPIRATE CONSONANTS.

CH	Church	ch	T	Tent	t
F	Fife	f	S	Seal	s
H ²	Hold	h	SH	Shine	sh
K	Kirk	k	TH sharp	Thin	th
P	Pipe	p			

EQUIVALENTS.

C soft, like s	Cease	ç	S soft, like z	Muse	ç
C hard, like k	Sake	c	S like zh	Vision	s
Ch hard, like k	Shasm	ch	Q like k	Coquette	q
Ch soft, like sh	Chaise	çh	X like ks	Tax	x
G soft, like j	Giant	g	X like gz	Exalt	ç
Ph like f	Seraph	ph			

Q has the sound of *k*, and is always followed by *u*, which, in this position, commonly has the sound of *w*, but is sometimes silent.

WH is an aspirated *w*, pronounced as if written *hæw*.

¹ Sometimes called Subvocals, or Subtonics.

² H sounded before a vowel, is an expulsion of the breath after the organs are in a position to sound the vowel.

A **Vowel** is a letter which represents a free and uninterrupted sound of the human voice.

A **Consonant** is a letter which cannot be sounded, or but imperfectly, without the aid of a vowel.

A **Letter** is not itself a sound, but only the sign of a sound. The whole number of English sounds, which, for convenience, may be classed as "**Elementary**," or essentially simple, is forty-four. Some of these, however, are by some authors regarded as compound sounds. The elementary sounds are those indicated in the preceding tables of vowels and consonants (in large type); also, that of *A* long before *R*, and *A* intermediate.

Some of the letters represent several elementary sounds, and an elementary sound is sometimes represented by more than one letter.

A letter is silent when it is used in the spelling of a word, and not in its pronunciation.

An **Equivalent** is a letter, or a combination of letters, used to represent an elementary sound more appropriately represented by another letter or letters.

The preceding tables of equivalent vowel and consonant sounds embrace those of most common occurrence, and are those that are given in the "**Key to the Sounds of the Marked Letters**" in Worcester's Dictionaries. Other letters and combinations of letters, representing elementary sounds, will be found printed in Italics, in the Exercises on the Vowel and the Consonant Sounds.

The **Consonants** may be classed, according to the manner in which they are pronounced, as **explosive** and **continuous**.

In pronouncing an explosive consonant, the breath escapes at once, and the voice has no power of prolonging the sound. In the utterance of a continuous consonant, the breath is transmitted by degrees. The sound can be prolonged for an indefinite space of time. The vowel sounds are all continuous.

The **Explosive Consonants** are, *p, b, t, d, ch, j, k, g.*

The **Continuous Consonants** are, *f, v, th, s, z, sh, zh, r, l, m, n, w, y, ng.*

The letters *c, q,* and *x* are not strictly needed as representatives of sounds. They are only used as equivalents for other signs.

ORTHOEPIC SPELLING.

Orthoepic Spelling, or **Analysis of Words**, differs from *orthographic* spelling in dispensing with all silent letters, and making use only of such sounds or elements as enter into the composition of a word. This system of spelling is simple in theory and easy in practice, and its use will very much facilitate the acquisition of correct articulation. After all the elements and their combinations have been made so familiar by practice as to be readily recognized, let the pupils proceed in this manner:—

1. Pronounce the word deliberately and firmly.
2. Articulate, in proper order, every element separately and very fully.
3. Pronounce the word with due proportion of force and time, so that each element shall be distinctly preserved—thus: *ban, b-ā-n, ban; mate. m-ā-t.* *mate; bird, b-ir-d, bird; say, s-ā, say; laugh, l-ā-f, laugh; teach, t-ē-ch, teach; brought, b-r-āu-t, brought; giant, g-ī-a-n-t, giant; ocean, ō-sh-a-n. ocean; while, hwo-ī-l, while, &c.*

The characters used in marking the sounds of letters in this volume are the same as those in Worcester's Dictionaries.

EXERCISES ON THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

In pronouncing the words in the following exercises, special attention should be given to the precise sound of the letters italicized. The sounds of the letters in Italics are the same as the sound of the vowel at the head of the paragraph.

Exercises upon tables of words like the following are valuable, not only for developing vocal power, but as one of the best methods of correcting habitual errors in pronunciation.

- a**, long, as in *fâte*. — Fame, blame, sail, obey, survey, cambric, nature, ancient, neighbor, vein, weigh, sleigh, patron, matron, lava, patriot, patriotism.
- a**, short, as in *fât*. — Bat, mat, bad, had, can, cannon, sand, fancy, marry, plaid, have, scath, charity, paradise, inhabit, companion, national.
- a**, Italian, as in *fâr*. — Are, bar, star, guitar, mart, alarm, parchment, father, heart, hearth, guard, daunt, haunt, gauntlet, jaundice, lath, balm, aunt.
- a**, broad, as in *fáll*; and *o*, as in *nôr*. — Ball, call, tall, nor, form, storm, corn, salt, ought, fought, nought, auger, awful, water, author, always, august, cause, lawyer, balsam, bauble, palsy.
- a**,¹ as in *fâre*; and *e*, as in *thêre*. — Dare, rare, pair, air, share, bear, snare, where, heir, stare, pare.
- a**,² as in *fâst*. — Blast, chance, lance, trance, branch, grasp, graft, grant, grass, pass, class, mastiff, bombast, pasture, plaster, chancellor.
- e**, long, as in *mête*; and *i*, as in *marîne*. — Be, she, theme, scene, marine, pique, key, fiend, grieve, treaty, Cæsar, critique, relief, belief, receive, deceive, receipt, leaf, quay, lenient, inherent.
- e**, short, as in *mêt*. — Bed, bread, debt, engine, tepid, said, says, saith, friend, leopard, special, preface, heroism, heifer, again, merit, helm, realm, many, any, get, yes, chest, egg, kettle, beneficent.

- l**, long, as in *pine*; and *y*, as in *bÿ*. — Smile, mile, vine, child, fly, height, might, type, isle, buy, defy, satiety, guide, guile, sky, kind, blight, flight, ally, apply, tiny, sinecure.
- l**, short, as in *pîn*; and *y*, as in *mÿth*. — Din, ring, prince, quince, whip, skip, lyric, city, servile, agile, busy, business, sieve, sift, cygnet, cynic, cylinder, wring, bring, Italian, tribune.
- o**, long, as in *nôte*. — Home, dome, glory, vocal, more, gore, only, both, oath, loathe, explode, historian, poet, foe, dough, glow, soldier, yeoman, beau, bureau, coeval, encroach, note, votive, devotion.
- o**,³ short, as in *nôt*. — Mob, rob, sob, was, wash, wand, dot, got, watch, wasp, bond, fond, from, prompt, prospect, fossil, foster, docile.
- o**, long and close, as in *môve*; and *u*, as in *rûle*. — Prove, mood, lose, rule, true, ruin, druid, moon, root, swoon, remove, disapprove, smooth, rude, rural, fruitless, truant, prudent, brutal.
- u**, long, as in *tûbe*; and *ew*, as in *neÿh*. — Tune, fuse, cure, lure, duty, curate, few, pew, Tuesday, cubic, music, pursuit, resume, during, endure, luminary, beautiful, revolution, involution.
- u**, short, as in *tûb*; and *o*, as in *sôn*. — Just, must, tun, fun, hug, rug, such, clutch, dove, does, rough, son, ton, one, some, tongue, nothing, come, husky.
- u**, middle, as in *fûll*. — Bush, push, could, would, should, good, hood, wolf, pulpit, butcher, cushion, cuckoo, wool, woollen, puss, foot, pulley, book.
- u**, short and obtuse, as in *fûr*; *e*, as in *hêr*; *i*, as in *fîr*; and *y*, as in *mÿrrh*. — Burn, murmur, further, herd, fern, person, merge, mercy, sir, bird, virtue, dirk, dirt, mirth, myrrh, myrtle, syrtis.

o, as in *vōice*; and *oy*, as in *bōŷ*. — Boil, coil, coy, toy, void, coin, joint, joist, poise, noise, employ, rejoice, avoid, appoint, embroil, foible, oyster.

ou, as in *sōund*; and *ow*, as in *nōw*. — Pound, proud, brown, vow, endow, noun, town, doubt, devout, plough, trout, ground, shout, vowel, thou, around.

¹ The sound of *a* marked thus [*ā*], is that of long *a* qualified by being followed by the letter *r*. Some orthoepists regard it as short *e* prolonged. The common pronunciation, in some parts of the United States, of this class of words is, to give the vowel before *r* the sound of short *a*, prolonged, but this pronunciation is not sanctioned by the dictionaries.

² This sound is an intermediate one between that of *a* in *fat* and *a* in *far*. It is found in a class of words, mostly monosyllables, ending in *aff*, *ast*, *ass*, *ask*, *asp*, with a few in *ance* and *ant*. Among different speakers the quality of this sound ranges through every practical shade, from *a* in *fat* to *a* in *far*.

³ There is a class of words ending in *f*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, and *th*, in which *o* is marked, in most pronouncing dictionaries, with the short sound, though some orthoepists give it the sound of *a* broad in *fall*: as, *off*, *often*, *offer*, *coffee*, *scoff*, *aloft*, *soft*, *cross*, *loss*, *toss*, *cost*, *frost*, *lost*, *broth*, *cloth*, *cough*, *trough*, &c. To these may be added *gone* and *begone*, and also some words ending in *ng*: as, *long*, *along*, *prong*, *song*, *strong*, *thong*, *wrong*. A medium between short *a* and broad *a* is, perhaps, the practice of the best speakers.

VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

Vowels marked with a dot underneath, thus (*ā*, *ē*, *ī*, *ō*, *ū*, *ȳ*), are found ~~as~~ marked only in syllables which are not accented, and which are slightly or hastily articulated.

This mark indicates a *slight* stress of voice in uttering the appropriate sound of the vowel, rather than to note *any particular quality of sound*. In a majority of cases this mark may be regarded as indicating an *indistinct short* sound, as in *mental*, *travel*, *peril*, *idol*, *forum*, *carry*: — *friar*, *speaker*, *nadir*, *actor*, *sulphur*.

In many cases, however, it indicates a slight or unaccented *long* sound; as in *sulphate*, *emerge*, *obey*, *duplicitly*, *educate*.

The difference between the long, and obscure long sound, may be readily distinguished. In the word *fate*, the *a* is long; in the word *fatality*, the first *a* is obscure long. The case is similar with the *o* in the words *note* and *notorious*. In the word *deliberate*, when a verb, as, "I will deliberate," the *a* is long; when an adjective, as, "A deliberate act," it is obscure long.

The common errors in the pronunciation of words of this class are, either a complete suppression of the vowel sound, or the substitution of a sound of some *other* vowel. This suppression or perversion of sound is much increased by the hurried manner in which many persons are accustomed to speak or read. Thus we hear *reb'l* for *rebel*; *pashunt* for *patient*; *p'rcede* for *precede*; *ev'ry* for *every*; *cuncern* for *concern*; *momunt* for *moment*, *edecate* for *educate*; *advucatē* for *advocate*; *windur* for *window*; *pop'lar* or *popelar* for *popular*; *aufle* for *wafl*, &c. So general is this fault, that the ear becomes accustomed to

the improper sounds from infancy ; hence arises the difficulty in remedying the defect, for the habit of indistinct utterance is thus early acquired and firmly established.

In pronouncing words containing unaccented syllables, care should be taken to avoid a formal and fastidious prominence of sound. The two extremes which ought to be equally avoided, are, carelessness on the one hand, and extreme precision on the other, as if the sounds of the letters were constantly uppermost in the mind.

a. obscure, as in *mental*. — Musical,¹ comical, critical, numerical, fatal, principal, original, criminal.

Special, beneficial, artificial, commercial, initial, credential, reverential, essential, impartial.

Ascendant,² defendant, defiance, reliance, variance, countenance, performance.

Peaceable,³ agreeable, sociable, amiable, detestable, abominable, respectable, tolerable, valuable.

a. obscure long, as in *sulphate*. — Abandon,⁴ abed, ability, about, abolish, afloat, again, alarm, amaze, apart, arise, away, canal, caress, catarrh, cathedral, separate, carbonate, apostasy.

e. obscure, as in *travel*. — Travel,⁵ chapel, gravel, counsel, moment,⁶ confidence, dependent, impudent, silence, anthem, eminent, settlement.

Goodness,⁷ boundless, sameness, plainness, laziness, bashfulness, bitterness, manliness, steadiness.

e. obscure long, as in *emerge*. — Belief,⁸ believe, benevolent, before, behold, delight, delineate, deliver, deny, denounce, prepare, precede.

i. obscure, as in *ruin*. — Invincible,⁹ forcible, audible, illegible, feasible, sentinel, possibly.

o. obscure, as in *idol*. — Collect,¹⁰ command, commence, commission, committee, compose, comply, concern, convert, consult, convulse.

o. obscure long, as in *obey*. — Domain,¹¹ colossal, corroborate,¹² history, rhetoric, memorable, memory, composition,¹³ compromise, melody, advocate.

Potato,¹ tobacco, motto, fellow, window, meadow, willow, billow, follow, to-morrow, sorrow.

u, obscure, as in *sulphur*. — Awful,¹⁶ fearful, playful, dutiful, graceful, fearfully, beautifully.

u, obscure long, as in *educate*. — Articulate,¹⁶ accurate, masculine, regular, particular, emulate.

Pleasure, exposure, erasure, nature, feature, pressure, leisure, imposture.

y, obscure, as in *truly*. — Envy, lady, safety, marrying, carrying.

¹ Not *music'l*.

² Not *ascendunt*.

³ Not *peac'ble*, or *peac'ble*.

⁴ Not *ūbandon*, nor *ā'bandon*.

⁵ Not *trav'l*.

⁶ Not *mom'nt*.

⁷ Not *good'ns*.

⁸ Not *b'lief*.

⁹ Not *invincible*.

¹⁰ Not *cillect*.

¹¹ Not *dūmain*.

¹² Not *corrōb'rate*.

¹³ Not *compērsition*.

¹⁴ Not *potatūr*.

¹⁵ Not *ausle*.

¹⁶ Not *artic'late*.

EXERCISES ON THE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

In pronouncing the words in the following exercises, force and clearness of sound should be given to the consonant elements. The letters to which attention is more particularly directed are printed in *Italics*.

b, as in *babe*. — *Bad*, *bag*, *bat*, *beet*, *bear*, *bought*, *beast*, *stab*, *ebb*, *tube*, *globe*, *inhabit*, *babble*, *babbler*, *bound*, *beastly*, *bind*, *binder*, *begin*, *began*, *beggar*.

ch, as in *church*. — *Chair*, *chat*, *charm*, *check*, *churn*, *chirp*, *hatch*, *march*, *switch*, *scorch*, *satchel*, *touching*.

d, as in *did*. — *Deed*, *debt*, *mad*, *modest*, *would*, *should*, *deduce*, *added*, *wedded*, *dated*, *side*, *sided*, *deduced*.

f, as in *fife*. — *Fame*, *feud*, *fanciful*, *proffer*, *crafty*, *enough*, *rough*, *cough*, *trough*, *laugh*, *laughter*, *fatal*, *fireman*, *ferry*, *futile*, *physic*, *phantom*.

g, as in *gag*. — *Game*, *gag*, *plague*, *vague*, *ghost*, *guard*, *gone*, *jug*, *egg*, *guilt*, *gewgaw*, *guinea*, *give*.

- h**, as in *hold*. — *Hay, hate, high, huge, hot-house, human, who, behest, hap-hazard,*¹ *upholder, offhand, childhood, nuthook, withhold, ink-horn, gig-horse, race-horse, perhaps, unhinge, unhappy.*
- j**, as in *joy*. — *Jam, jar, jilt, gesture, genius, gentle, giant, gibbet, gypsy, edge, ledge, judge, judgment, justice, jury, June, July.*
- k**, as in *kirk*. — *Car, coil, seek, music, talk, vaccinate, flaccid, chasm, echo, choir, chorus, coquette, etiquette, epoch, architect, cucumber, conquest.*
- l**, as in *lull*. — *Bell, lurk, isle, pale, lark, loll, lively, lovely, hail, tall, sweetly, holy, awfully.*
- m**, as in *maim*. — *Man, morn, mound, mammon, moment, blame, hymn, dome, memory, memento.*
- n**, as in *nun*. — *Nine, linen, nay, gnat, can, keen, noun, condign, gnaw, kneel, banner, kitchen, hyphen.*
- ng**, as in *song*. — *King, ring, flinging, singing, anger, congress, nothing, prolong, drink, plank, monk, lynx, tinker, distinct, rankle, monkey, conquer, anchor.*
- p**, as in *pipe*. — *Peer, pin, pool, happy, pippin, puppet, rapid, tropic, pupil, piper, creep, grope, stop, steep.*
- r,**¹ (trilled,) initial, or before a vowel, as in *rap*. — *Ray, rough, raw, rend, rebel, Roman, rot, rest, room, ride, rise, rural, around, enrich.*
- r**, (untrilled,) final, or before a consonant, as in *nor*. — *Far, our, ear, eternal, murmur, former, torpor, servant, border, adore, appear, murmuring, forbear.*
- s**, as in *seal*. — *Sin, sign, suit, dose, sinless, science, transcend, psalm, scene, schism, beside, poesy, heresy.*
- sh**, as in *shine*. — *Shade, shine, gash, rash, sash, associate, mansion, enunciation, expansion, ocean, action, caution, nation, notion, station, promotion, chevalier, champagne*

- t**, as in *tent*. — Tell, time, tune, matter, critic, debt, Thames, Thomas, receipt, indict, titter, better, chatter, tutor, taught, total.
- th**, as in *thin*. — Thank, thick, theory, theatre, bath, path, mouth, month, breath, ether, thankful, thoughtful, thinking, atheist, thorn.
- th**, as in *thine*. — This, thus, there, those, beneath, tilth, with, brethren, farthing, father, breathe, wreath, heathen, weather, blithe, clothe, therefore.
- v**, as in *valve*. — Veer, vine, vivid, weave, seven, votive, revive, survive, twelve, revolve, preserve, reserve.
- w**, as in *wine*. — Waft, wall, wonder, one, once, woo, wane, wormwood, weather, beware, weal, wayward, worth, worthless, wondrous, welcome.
- wh**, as in *whit*. — Whale, where, when, what, why, whether, white, whiten, whipping, whisper, whist.
- x**, like *ks*, as in *tax*. — Box, six, next, text, except, sexton, execute, ex'ile, exhume, complexion.
- x**, like *gz*, as in *exalt*. — Exact, example, exempt, exert, exaltation, exile'.
- y**, as in *yes*. — Year, young, yawn, you, use, utility, yonder, yawl, million, poniard, rebellion, spaniel, filial, yawning, useful.
- z**, as in *zeal*. — As, was, zephyr, maze, prize, flies, daisies, praises, arise, breezes, xanthine, Xerxes.
- z**, like *zh*, as in *azure*. — Glazier, razure, leisure, seizure, collision, occasion, persuasion, osier, vision, explosion, treasure, pleasure, roseate.

¹ Avoid omitting or slurring the *h* in compound words; as, *hap'azard*, for *hap-hazard*, *off'and* for *off-hand*.

² The letter *r*, used as an *initial*, or before a vowel, is articulated by a forcible trill of the tongue against the upper gum. This sound should never be prolonged. It is sometimes mispronounced thus: *urrray*, for *ray*; *urrough*, for *rough*.

CONSONANT COMBINATIONS.

Pronounce the following words distinctly and forcibly. The initial and final combinations are printed in *Italics*, and may also be pronounced separately.

Words without connection of sense afford a better exercise in articulation than sentences.

1. *Blue, block ; brave, breath ; draw, drift ; dwell, dwarf ; fly, flounce ; free, fret ; glen, glide ; grain, growl ; cleave, cleft, close ; crave, crime, crust.*

2. *Play, plume ; proud, prove ; queen, quell ; shriek, shrink ; skill, sketch ; screen, scrawl ; slate, slug ; smite, small ; snow, snag ; speak, space ; sphere.*

3. *Splice, splash ; spring, spread ; squib, square ; stain, still ; stream, straw ; threw, thrift ; thwack, thwart ; truce, trash ; tweed, twine ; wheat, when.*

4. *Curb, bulb ; wolf, scarf, triumph, laugh ; dirge ; lunch, lurch ; marsh, belch ; ink, jerk ; desk, earl, trample ; film, storm, prism, rhythm ; earn, black'n, open ; lisp, vamp, usurp, scalp ; delve, carve.*

5. *Act, sift, felt, sent, learnt, sort, most, first, apt, canst, lisp'd, pump'd, work'd, thank'd, risk'd, rock'd, froth'd, heap'd, fenc'd, pitch'd, repuls'd, scath'd.*

6. *Wants, wills, facts, starts, precepts, roasts ; dense, once, science, else ; necks, silks, inks, basks ; proofs, cuffs, sylphs ; tenths, truths, depths, twelfths.*

7. *Want'st, will'st, left'st, attempt'st, help'st, hop'st, dup'st, usurp'st, coff'st, laugh'st, ask'st, lurk'st, sweet'n'st, licens'd.*

8. *Ebb'd, fobb'd, comb'd, long'd, oblig'd, urg'd, breath'd, world, snarl'd, arm'd, whelm'd, end, open'd, heard, spar'd, liv'd, starv'd, bronz'd, buzz'd.*

9. *Liv'dst, prov'dst, fill'dst, learn'dst, charm'dst, long'dst, digg'dst, lov'dst, blabb'dst, dazzl'dst.*

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is the utterance of the words of a language. It includes articulation and accent.

REMARKS TO TEACHERS. — In a department so extensive as that of pronunciation, it is impossible to give any complete and at the same time practical summary. Learners, therefore, should frequently consult a dictionary of the English language, and all words which they have been accustomed to mispronounce should be frequently and correctly uttered aloud, to remedy the defect. Words which may be accurately and distinctly pronounced, when the attention is particularly directed to them in the exercises, are liable to be mispronounced when they occur in sentences. The attention of teachers is especially called to the following errors, as some of the more common ones to which pupils are liable in pronunciation:—

1. The omission or feeble utterance of the final consonant, viz.:—*an*, for *and*; *moun*, for *mount*; *mornin*, for *morning*; *des*, for *desk*; *wep*, for *wept*; *beas*, for *beasts*, &c.

2. The blending of syllables belonging to different words,¹ viz.:—*Ther ris as calm*, for *There is a calm*; *The pure rin art*, for *The pure in heart*, &c.

3. The omission or wrong sound of the vowel in the final syllable, viz.:—*vess'l* for *vessel*; *baskit* for *basket*; *iss*, or *uss*, for *ess*, as *goodniss* for *goodness*; *ist*, or *ust*, for *est*, as *honust* for *honest*; *ud*, for *ed*, as *learnud* for *learned*; *unt*, for *ent* or *ant*; *unce*, for *ance*, &c.

4. The omission of an unaccented syllable, viz.:—*sep'rate*, for *separate*; *cur'osity* for *curiosity*; *num'rus* for *numerous*; *ema'shate* for *emaciate* (*she-âte*); *lib'ry* for *library*; *glor'us* for *glorious*; *expe'rence* for *experience*, &c.

5. The omission of a consonant where one word terminates and the next begins with a consonant, viz.:—*Almos* to *despair*, for *Almost* to *despair*; *The man ad two sons*, for *The man had two sons*; *Sof silence*, for *Soft silence*; *That las till morn*, for *That last still morn*, &c.

6. Perverting the sound *o* and *ow* final into that of *ur*, viz.:—*potatur*, for *potato*; *fellur*, for *fellow*; *windur*, for *window*.

7. The omission of *h* in words commencing with *wh*, as *wen* for *when*, *wat* for *what*, *wich* for *which*, &c.; also, in words commencing with *sh*, as *slink* for *shrink*, *srub* for *shrub*.

8. The addition of the sound of *r* to the end of certain words, as *idear* for *idea*, *sawr* for *saw*, *awr* for *awe*, &c.

9. The omission of the sound of *r* in certain words, as *fâh* for *for*, *wâm* for *warm*, *shawt* for *short*, *cawd* for *cord*, *watak* for *water*, &c.

10. The prolongation or drawing of a vowel sound, as *mân*, for *mân*; *mên*, for *mên*; *tône*, for *tône*, &c.

11. The giving of a flat, drawling, or nasal sound for the sound of *ou* as in *our*, as *naow*, or *neow*, for *now*; *caow*, for *cow*; *saound*, for *sound*, &c.

¹ In this fault we find the chief difficulty which many people have in speaking so as to be understood distinctly. Persons with only a moderate voice can be heard with ease in any part of a large hall if they are careful to send out each word from the lips perfect in itself, and clearly cut off from the others.

VOWEL AND CONSONANT SOUNDS IN SENTENCES.

A *sentence* is an assemblage of words so joined as to make complete sense.

The following sentences are arranged to aid the learner in acquiring a correct enunciation, both of vowels and consonants. The vowels to which attention is to be especially directed are printed in *Italics*. By having the class pronounce these sentences in concert *after* the teacher, a sufficient volume of voice can best be secured. To insure accuracy of utterance, let them be pronounced by individual pupils.

- a long, as in *fâte*. — *Stay*, lady, *stay*, for mercy's sake !
The *breaking* waves dashed high. To praise the hand
that *pays* thy pains. Well hast thou framed, old
man, thy strains ! O, *gaoler*, haste that fate to tell !
- a short, as in *făt*. — I *am* not mad ! The greatest
study of mankind is man. He bade me stand *and*
hear my doom. As on a jag of a mountain crag.
- a Italian, as in *fär*. — Hast thou a charm to stay the
morning-star ? Here it comes sparkling, and there
it lies darkling. Ay, *laugh*, ye fiends ! Not a sol-
dier discharged his farewell shot. To arms ! to arms !
they come ! they come ! Charge, Chester, charge !
- a broad, as in *fáll*. — So long he seems to pause on thy
bald, *awful* head. His tall and manly form was
bowed. Trust him little who praises *all*. *Aurora*,
now, fair daughter of the dawn.
- a long before *r*, as in *färe*. — I dare to meet the lion
in his lair. O happy pair ! O happy fair ! Thou
hast been careful with all this care. Let me but
bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
- a intermediate, as in *fäst*. — O grant me what I ask at
last ! Faster come, faster come, faster *and* faster.
On the blast he flew swiftly past. What masks, what
dances shall we have !

- long, as in *mē*. — 'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear. Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead! Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone. We would not seek a battle as we are; nor as we are, say we, we will not shun it.
- short, as in *mēt*. — Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men! Eternal summer gilds them yet, but all, except their sun, is set. He saw an elk upon the banks of the *Elbe*.
- i long, as in *pīne*. — For life, for life, their flight they ply. His blithest notes the piper plied. What! silent still, and silent all?
- i short, as in *pīn*. — Bring hither, then, the wedding ring. Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. His glimmering lamp still, still I see. My pretty, pretty lad.
- long, as in *nōte*. — In solemn measure, soft and slow, arose the father's notes of woe. Echo on echo, groan for groan. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll. Cold, bitter cold; no warmth, no light. On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
- short, as in *nōt*. — O'er stock and rock their race they take. He plods from the spot. Yon sun that sets upon the sea, we follow in his flight.
- long and close, as in *mōve*. — The Moor was doomed to do or die. Who spoke of love? Alas, poor Clarence! As I do live by food, I met a fool, a motley fool.
- u long, as in *tūbe*. — Your voices in His praise at-tune. Adieu, adieu; my native shore fades o'er the waters blue. Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light. Few, few shall part where many meet!

- u** short, as in *tüb*. — A drum, a drum, Macbeth doth come. High in his pathway hung the sun. For love is heaven, and heaven is love. Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! Somewhere on a sunny bank buttercups are bright.
- u** middle, as in *fäll*. — The good woman stood to look at the wolf. Sir, you've pulled my bell as if you'd pull it off the wire. Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.
- u** short and obtuse, as in *für*. — One murder makes a villain. Turn and turn, and yet go on and turn again. Stern were her looks. The bird that whirls in air.
- oi** as in *vöice*. — Rejoice, still cried the crowd, rejoice. With songs of joy your voices raise. An hour of joy, an age of woe.
- ou** as in *söünd*. — And often, when I go to plough, the ploughshare turns them out. Not from one lone cloud, but every mountain now hath found a tongue.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

Accent is a greater stress which is laid upon one *syllable* of a *word* than upon the others. The accented syllable is noted by a short mark, thus ('), placed just above the syllable at the right; ¹ as in ban'ner, win'dow, alone', return', forgiv'ing.

Emphasis is a greater stress which is laid upon one or more *words in a sentence* than upon the others. Emphasis is placed upon the important word or words to bring out more fully the meaning of the sentence.

¹ The double accent mark when used in pronunciation, in this book, denotes that the aspirated sound of the succeeding consonant is thrown back on the preceding syllable; thus, *peti''tion* (petish'on.)

Emphatic words are sometimes indicated by *Italics*, and sometimes by CAPITAL LETTERS.

As a knowledge of ACCENT and EMPHASIS is essential to GOOD READING, the pupil should be made acquainted with the nature of each, and the distinction between them, for they are frequently confounded. Every word of two or more syllables has, in pronunciation, an accent upon one of the syllables; and some of the longer or more difficult words have, in addition to the principal accent, a *secondary*, or weaker one. And in every sentence, and clause of a sentence, there are one or more words which should be pronounced with a greater degree of force than the other words. We cannot give words their proper pronunciation unless we know the *accented syllables*, nor can we bring out the full meaning of a sentence unless we know the *emphatic words*. The accented syllables of words we learn by noticing the pronunciation of correct speakers, and by referring, in cases of doubt, to a dictionary. The emphatic words in a sentence we can learn only by knowing their relative importance in it, and the precise meaning which the writer intended to convey. When the meaning of a sentence is known, the emphatic words, are naturally and spontaneously suggested to us, just as they are to persons speaking their own sentiments. Accent often gives way to emphasis when the sense requires a syllable to be emphasized that is not accented, as in the first example below.

EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS.

1. What is *done*, cannot be *undone*.
2. When I am *older*, I will praise Him *better*.
3. What *they* know by *reading*, I know by *action*.
4. It is not so easy to *hide* one's faults as to *mend* them.
5. Could'st *thou* not have patience with him *one night*?
Lo, I have borne with him *these hundred years*.
6. An hour passed on — the Turk *awoke*;
 That bright dream was his *last*;
 He *woke* — to hear his sentry's *shriek*,
 To arms! They come! The GREEK! The GREEK!
7. *Pet.* How bright and goodly shines the moon!
 Kath. The moon! the *sun*: it is not *moon-light* now.
 Pet. I *say* it is the *moon* that shines so bright.
 Kath. I *know* it is the *sun* that shines so bright.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a slide or bend of the voice, either upward or downward, from the usual level of a sentence.

The upward, or *rising inflection*, is usually indicated by an acute accent ('), and the downward, or *falling inflection*, by the grave accent (`).

RISING INFLECTION.

The rising inflection is generally applied to single words, though it often extends through several; and sometimes through an entire sentence. In definite questions, — that is, such as may be answered by Yes or No, — it takes the form of a gradual rise, varied only by emphatic words. The following diagrams will show the direction of the voice in the more common cases of the rising inflection.

The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence.

Can you read?

Will you die of hunger

in the land which your sweat has made fertile?

Shall we live in slavery?

EXAMPLES OF RISING INFLECTION.

1. Good morning, Henry'. Are you going to school'?

2. Did you ever try' to help it, John'?

3. Sun', Wáter, and Wind', and Bird' say, No.

4. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in the shape of a camel'?

FALLING INFLECTION.

The falling inflection usually commences at a point above the key, and slides down toward it, and to it when the thought is completed. When a sentence ends with a graver sentiment than the opening one, the voice may fall below the key.

Indefinite questions — that is, such as cannot be answered by Yes or No — are usually delivered with a downward slide from the emphatic word to the end of the sentence.

Every leaf is of a different *form*; every *plant* hath a separate in-*habitant*.

What are you going to *do about it?*

AWAKE, *ARISE*, or be for-*ever fallen!*

Where sleep the brave?

If our cause is not just, there is *no just cause*, and no *justice on earth*.

EXAMPLES OF FALLING INFLECTION.

1. Stop'! Stand still'! Hark'!
2. Tell the truth'; that is the best excuse at all times.
3. Why stand ye here id'le?
4. Wha' do you call' the play?
5. When shall we get to the top' of the hill?
6. Charge', Chester, Charge'! On', Stanley, on'!

RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

See page 28 for examples illustrating these principles.

The following are the more general and obvious principles for the use of the inflections, to which there are many exceptions. There are many sentences and clauses which might very properly be read with either the rising or falling inflection, according to the reader's conception of the idea intended to be conveyed. As a general principle, positive and complete assertion may be said to have the *falling inflection*, and doubtful or incomplete, the *rising*.

The *rising inflection* is generally required —

1. When the sense is incomplete or suspended.
2. In words and phrases of address, except when they are emphatic or long.
3. In language of tender emotion, politeness, gentle entreaty, and poetic expression.
4. In questions that can be answered by Yes or No; except when the question is asked or repeated in an emphatic or an impatient tone.
5. Where such words are inserted in a sentence as Saying, Said, Replying or Replied, Exclaimed, &c., the voice is suspended or kept up.

The *falling inflection* is generally required —

6. When the sense is complete or terminated; but when a sentence consists of several clauses expressing complete sense, the last but one may take the rising inflection.
7. In questions that cannot be answered by Yes or No.
8. In answers to questions, except when given in a careless or slightly disrespectful manner.

9. In language of deep emotion, as of authority, bold encouragement, surprise, denunciation, or terror.

10. When words or clauses are compared, contrasted, or in antithesis, the former part generally has the rising inflection, and the latter the falling; but,

11. When negation is opposed to affirmation, the negative member of the sentence generally has the rising inflection, and the affirmative member the falling, in whichever order they occur.

12. All rules for the rising inflection are liable to be modified by strong emphasis, which overrides every thing else, and gives to the voice the falling inflection, or a form of the circumflex, with a strong downward slide.

. The following examples are numbered so as to refer to the numbering of the above general principles of inflection.

EXAMPLES OF INFLECTION.

1. With his conduct last evening', I was not pleased. Here waters', woods', and winds', in concert join.

2. My friends', I come not here to talk. How is this, my father'! do you not believe' me'? Well, sir', the victim was' — I yet fear to expose your friend. On'! ye brave', who rush to glory or the grave'!

3. My mother'! when I learned that thou wast dead', Say', wast thou con'scious of the tears' I shed? Awake, little girl'; 'tis time to arise'; Come, shake drowsy sleep from your eyes. It is true, Charles', we ought to be obliging to one another'; you shall have my kite to-day' and to-morrow.

4. Can you read'? Will you lend me your kite'? Had Thebes a hundred gates', as sung by Homer'? Can wealth', or honor', or pleasure', satisfy the soul'?

5. Alas! he said, the ride has wearied you. Came men and women in dark clusters round, some crying Let them up! they shall not fall'; and others, Let them lie! for they have fallen'.

6. I will praise God with my voice'; for I may praise him, though I am but a little child'. Come, let us go forth into the fields'; let us see how the flowers

spring', let us listen to the warbling of the birds', and sport ourselves on the new grass'.

7. Who, then, can be saved? How sleep the brave' who sink to rest, by all their country's wishes blest'!

8. *Mr. L.* Do you *like'* to work'?

Boy. Yes, sir', very well', this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather *play'*?

Boy. This is not *hard'* work. It is almost as good as *play*.

Mr. L. Who *set'* you to work?

Boy. My father', sir.

Mr. L. What is your name'?

Boy. Peter Hurdle', sir.

Mr. L. How *old'* are you?

Boy. Eight years old, next June'.

Mr. L. How long have you been' here?

Boy. Ever since six o'clock this morning'.

Mr. L. Are you not *hungry'*?

Boy. Yes, sir', but I shall go to *din'ner* soon.

Will you go to town' to-day'? Yes', perhaps I will'.

9. Strike', you slave'! stand', rogue'! stand'! you base slave, strike'! O that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat'!

10. Is this book yours', or mine'? It was black' or white', soft' or hard', rough' or smooth'. He preferred hon'or to dis'honor, worth' to wealth'.

11. I come not to destroy', but to fulfil'. Show that you are brave by deeds', not by words'. Did he go will'ingly' or un'willingly'? He went will'ingly, not unwillingly'.

12. John', *John*. Mr. Speaker', *Mr. Speaker*'. Did you see him there'? Sir'? *Did you see him there?*

Will you deny' it? *Will you deny' it?* said he, repeating the question in a louder and more emphatic tone'.

CIRCUMFLEX.

The union of the two inflections is called the *circumflex*, or *wave*, and is marked thus, \wedge , or thus, \vee .

The *circumflex* is used to indicate the emphasis of strong assertion, surprise, irony, contrast, mockery, or hypothesis; also, in expressions used in a peculiar sense, or with a double meaning. Its effect is sometimes upon single words, and sometimes it takes the form of a wave, or gradual sweep, extending through the sentence, the voice ascending to the emphatic word, and falling after it, (see figures 3 and 4,) as in language of supplication, or when a proposition is expressed with such confidence in its truth as precludes contradiction: also in an indirect question, that is, when a *declarative* sentence is spoken in the form of a question.

The two inflections combine so as to form different kinds of circumflex, which may be represented by the following figures:—



The application of the different forms of the circumflex to the various classes of sentences, must be left, in a great measure, to the taste and judgment of the teacher.

EXAMPLES OF THE CIRCUMFLEX.

1. What! is it yōurs? Are yōu a traitor?
2. A fîne man you will make if you go on in this way!
3. The cat will play with a ball, but she thinks it râtre sport to torture a mouse.
4. You are not ăngry, sure!
5. Some have sneeringly asked, Are the Americans too pōor to pay a few pounds on stamped pa'per?
6. And they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hăil! Kîng of the Jews!
7. Mother, let me stay at hōme with you to-day.
8. So, you never kněw the history of this man'?
9. My dear, you have some pretty běads there! Yes, papa. And you seem to be vastly plěased with them? Yes, papa.

10. Truly, we would not offend you.

11. "Tried and convicted traitor?" Who says this?
 Who 'll prove it at his peril on my head?
 "Banished?" I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain.

MONOTONE.

When no inflection is used, a *monotone*, or sameness of tone, is produced.

The term *monotone*, in the language of elocution, should not be understood in its literal signification, as "a sound never varied," but rather to imply the successive recurrence of the same radical pitch or tone, with a full, smooth, and prolonged stress of voice. Its low-pitched, solemn utterance may be said to resemble the repeated sounds of a deep-toned bell, with its perpetually recurring low note.

It is the language of awe, reverence, solemnity, grandeur, majesty, and power; especially when connected with the idea of supernatural agency, or influence. Emotions of amazement, terror, and horror are often expressed in monotone.

In its proper place, monotone can be employed with beauty and effect; but one of the most prominent faults in reading is a prevalent use of this mode of voice, without reference to appropriateness. This habit destroys every thing like feeling or expression, and is the chief cause of that wearisome sameness so common in the reading exercise of the school room. Teachers should be unremitting in their efforts to counteract this tendency. To this end they should omit no opportunity of showing the use and effect of the inflections and the circumflex; also, of leading the child to study the meaning of the selection to be read, and to give expression to the author's ideas by means of the proper tones, stress, pitch, and movement of the voice.

EXAMPLES OF MONOTONE.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

The correct pronunciation of the following words should be learned by the pupil from a Pronouncing Dictionary. Worcester's Dictionaries are the most complete and accurate in this department. See Pronunciation, on page 21.

Abdomen
accent (v.)
accessory
acorn
adult
adverse
advertise
again
aged
aggrandize
agile
alabaster
ally
alternate
amateur
amenable
anchovy
ancient
antipodes
apparent
Arab
Arabic
architect
archives
arctic
are
area
aroma
Asia
aspirant
asylum
aye

Balm
baths
beard
been
beneath
betwixt
bitumen
bivouac
blasphemous
blithe
bombast
bonnet
bouquet
brethren
brooch
bulwark
buoyant

Calf
cartridge
catch
celibacy
cellar
cement

chest
clique
clothes
coadjutor
column
combatant
comely
comparable
compensate
complaisance
compromise
comrade
concentrate
confiscate, -ed
construe
consummate
contemplate
contrary
contumely
conversant
coquetry
courier
courtious
creek

Daunt
debut
defalcation
demonstrate
desultory
devastate, -ed
diplomacy
discern
discrepant
discrepancy
dishabille
disputable
disputant
district
docile
does

E'er
egotism
elegiac
eleven
elm
enervate
engine
ephemeral
epicurean
epoch
ere
errand
European
every
excise

exemplary
exhibit
exhort
exquisite
extirpate

Fairy
February
fertile
finale
finance
financier
forge
fragmentary
fulsome

Gainsay
gather
gaunt
genuine
get
girl
glacier
governor
grievous
grimace
guardian

Half
harass, -ing
hearth
heroine
heroism
homage
horizon
humble
hundred

Idea
imbecile
impetus
infante
inquiry
integral
interested
isolate
isthmus
Italian
Italic

Juvenile

Lamentable
laugh
learned (adj.)
legislative
legislature

lenient
livelong
lyceum

Massacre, -d
mercantile
mirage
mischievous
misconstrue
museum
mustache

Nasal
national
none
nothing

Oasis
obdurate
often
opponent
orthopist

Panegyric
parent
partner
partridge
patent (n.)
patent (adj.)
patriot
patriotism
pedestal
peremptory
pianist
piquant
placard
platina
precedent (n.)
precedent (adj.)

precise
preface
prestige
pretty
primary
progress
protege
puissant
Quay

Recess
recognize
reparable
reptile
rhubarb
robust
roof
root

Sacrament
sacrifice
saucy
sausage
scallop
scath, -ing
series
sinecure
sirup
sloth
solres
spaniel
specialty
species
spectacle
splenetie
squirrel
stone
strew
suite
summa-
sword
synod

Tedious
tenet
threshold
thyme
tiny
tortoise
toward
transparent
tribune
truculent
truths
tune

Uranus

Vagary
vehement
vignette

Weapon
well
whole
why
wiscacre
withes

Yacht
yes
yet
yonder
youths
Zoology

READING LESSONS.



I. — THE SEASONS.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1. WHO is this beautiful virgin that approaches,¹
clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of
flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever
she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields,¹

and the ice which was on the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them.

2. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble to welcome her coming: when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me who she is, and what is her name.

3. Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light, transparent³ garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment³ of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal⁴ brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries and the grateful acid of fruits. The tanned haymakers welcome her coming, and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces off his flock with his sounding shears.

4. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech-tree; let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass; let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd⁵ shuts his fold, and the star of the evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who she is, and what is her name.

5. Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin, and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful gray.

6. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He

winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds : the trembling partridge⁶ and the beautiful pheasant⁷ flutter, bleeding, in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who he is, and what is his name.

7. Who is he that cometh from the north, in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald ; his beard is made of sharp icicles.⁸ He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth.⁹

8. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing¹⁰ and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming upon us, and soon will be here. Tell me, if ye know, who he is, and what is his name.

1 AP-PRŌACH'Ēſ. Comes near.

2 TRĀNS-PĀR'ĒNT. Admitting the passage of light so as to be distinctly seen through.

3 RĒ-VRĒSH'MĒNT. That which gives fresh strength, as food or rest.

4 CRĪſ'TĀL. Clear, transparent.

5 SHĒP'HĒRD (shĕp'ĕrd). One who tends sheep in the pasture.

6 PĀR'TRĪDGE. } Well-known birds
7 PHĒAS'ANT. } of game.

8 I'CĪ-CLE (i'sĭk-kĭ). A hanging shoot of ice formed by the freezing of dripping water.

9 HEĀRTH (hĕrth). Place on which a fire is made, under a chimney.

10 PIĒRŌ'ING. That pierces, sharp, keen, penetrating, cutting.

II. — THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE-TREE.

HANS ANDERSEN.

1. A HEDGE of hazel-nut bushes enclosed¹ the garden ; without were field and meadow, with cows and sheep. In the centre of the garden stood a Rose Tree, and under it sat a Snail ; she had much within her — she had herself.

2. "Wait until my time comes," said she; "I shall accomplish something more than putting forth roses, bearing nuts, or giving milk like the cows and sheep."

3. "I expect something fearfully grand," said the Rose Tree; "may I ask when it will take place?"

4. "I shall take my time," said the Snail; "you are in too great a hurry; and when this is the case, how can one's expectations be fulfilled?"

5. The next year the Snail lay in about the same spot under the Rose Tree, which put forth buds and developed roses, ever fresh, ever new. The Snail crept forth half her length, stretched out her feelers, and drew herself in again.

6. "Every thing looks as it did a year ago," said she; "no progress has been made; the Rose Tree still bears roses; it does not get along any farther."

7. The summer faded away, the autumn passed, the Rose Tree constantly bore flowers and buds, until the snow fell and the weather was raw and damp. The Rose Tree bent itself towards the earth, the Snail crept into the earth.

8. A new year commenced; the roses came out, and the Snail came out.

9. "Now you are an old Rose Tree," said the Snail; "you will soon die away. You have given the world every thing that you had in you; whether that be much or little is a question upon which I have not time to reflect. But it is quite evident that you have not done the slightest thing towards your inward development; otherwise I suppose that something different would have sprung from you. Can you answer this? You will

soon be nothing but a stick! Can you understand what I say?"

10. "You startle me," said the Rose Tree; "I have never thought upon that."

11. "No, I suppose that you have never meddled much with thinking. Can you tell me why you blossom, and how it comes to pass? How? Why?"

12. "No," said the Rose Tree, "I blossom with pleasure because I could not do otherwise. The sun was so warm, the air so refreshing; I drank the clear dew and the fortifying^b rain; I breathed, I lived! A strength came to me from the earth; a strength came from above; I felt a happiness, ever new, ever great, and therefore I must blossom ever; that was my life; I could not do otherwise."

13. "You have led an easy life!" said the Snail.

14. "That is true," said the Rose Tree. "Certainly, much has been given to me, but still more has been given to you. You are one of those meditative,^c pensive,^d profound natures, one of the highly gifted, that astound^e the whole world."

15. "I have assuredly no such thoughts in my mind," said the Snail; "the world is nothing to me. What have I to do with the world? I have enough with myself, and enough in myself."

16. "But should we not all, here on earth, give the best part of ourselves to others? Should we not offer what we can? It is true, that I have only given roses—but you? You who have received so much, what have you given to the world? What do you give her?"

17. "What have I given? What do I give? I spit upon her! She is good for nothing! I have nought

to do with her. Put forth roses, you can do no more. Let the hazel-bushes bear nuts. Let the cows and sheep give milk; they have their public, I have mine within myself. I retire within myself, and there I remain. The world is nothing to me."

18. And thereupon the Snail withdrew into her house and closed it.

19. "Mine is not a sad life," said the Rose Tree; true, I cannot creep in; I must ever spring out, spring forth in roses. The leaves drop off and are blown away by the wind. Yet, I saw one of the roses laid in the hymn-book of the mother of the family; one of my roses was placed upon the breast of a charming young girl, and one was kissed with joy by a child's mouth. This did me so much good, it was a real blessing! That is my recollection,⁹ my life."

20. And the Rose Tree flowered in innocence,¹⁰ and the Snail sat, mindful only of self, in her house. The world was nothing to her.

21. And years passed away. The Snail became earth to earth, and the Rose Tree became earth to earth; the remembrances¹¹ in the hymn-book were blown away; but new rose-trees bloomed in the garden; new snails grew in the garden, and they crept into their houses, and spat. The world was nothing to them.

1 EN-CLOSED'. Surrounded, shut in.

2 EX-PEC-TA'TION. A looking or waiting for some future event.

3 DE-VEL'OPED. Unfolded, brought forth to view, disclosed.

4 PRÖG'RESS. Forward movement, an advance.

5 FÖR'TI-FY-ING. That strengthens.

6 MËD'I-TÄ-TIVE. That thinks much.

7 PËN'SIVE. Seriously thoughtful.

8 AS-TÖND'. Astonish.

9 REC-OL-LËC'TION. A calling to mind something once known.

10 ÌN'NÖ-CËNCE. Freedom from guilt, purity.

11 RE-MËM'BRANCE. A keeping in mind; here, a token by which any thing is kept in the mind.

III. — THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

1. A LITTLE sunbeam in the sky,
Said to itself one day : —
“ I'm very small, but why should I
Do nothing else but play?
I'll go down to the earth and see
If there is any use for me.”
2. The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each heavy cup;
The little sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up;
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning's breeze their sweetest scent.¹
3. A mother, 'neath a shady tree,
Had left her babe asleep;
It woke and cried, but when it spied²
The little sunbeam peep
So slyly in, with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.
4. On, on it went, it might not stay :
Now through a window small
It poured its glad but tiny³ ray,
And danced upon the wall.
A pale young face looked up to meet
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

5. And now away beyond the sea
 The merry⁴ sunbeam went ;
 A ship was on the waters free,
 From home and country sent,
 But, sparkling in the sunbeam's play,
 The blue waves curled around her way.
6. A voyager⁵ stood and watched them there,
 With heart of bitter pain ;
 She gazed, and half forgot her care,
 And hope came back again.
 She said, " The waves are full of glee,
 Then yet there may be joy for me ! "
7. And so it travelled to and fro,
 And frisked and danced about ;
 And not a door was shut, I know,
 To keep the sunbeam out.
 But ever, as it touched the earth,
 It woke up happiness and mirth.
8. I may not tell the history
 Of all that it could do,
 But I tell you this, that you may try
 To be a sunbeam too ;
 By little smiles to soothe and cheer,
 And make your presence ever dear.

1 SCENT. Smell, odor.

2 SPIED. Gained sight of, saw.

3 TINY. Little, very small.

4 MERRY. Gay, joyful.

5 VOY'AGE-R. One who makes a voyage, one who travels by sea.

IV.—THE TWO BROOKS.

E. KELLOGG.

1. IN a province of old Spain, respecting which the inhabitants were wont to say that God had given them a fertile soil, a salubrious¹ climate, brave men and beautiful women, but had not given them a good government, lest they should not be willing to die and go to Heaven, there were two lakes separated² by an intervening³ mountain.

2. Each had an outlet in a brook; and the two brooks, as they wound among the hills, ran near each other, so that they were enabled to converse together quite sociably.

3. They lay in the shadow of the hills among whose roots rose the river Guadalquivir. The chain sloped, by degrees, to a fertile plain covered with vineyards⁴ and olive-trees. Fields of wheat surrounded the scattered dwellings of the peasants,⁵ and the tents of the shepherds whose flocks fed upon the mountains.

4. The names of the brooks were Bono and Malo. One pleasant night, at the close of a very sultry day, they met to spend the evening together. So, getting into a little eddy beneath the shade of some large chestnut-trees, where the moonbeams, which glanced tremulously⁶ through the foliage, enabled them to see each other's faces indistinctly, they thus spoke, in murmurs:—

5. *Bono.* What a beautiful evening, neighbor Malo, after such a sultry day! Yet I don't know as I ought to speak ill of the weather, for it has enabled me to do

much good, to water many beautiful flowers and fields of grain that otherwise would have perished.

6. *Malo*. I don't know about that. Who thanks you for it? I have been this whole day — yes, for the matter of that, my whole life, running first here, then there, squeezed in flumes,⁷ tangled in water-wheels, pounded in fulling-mills, flung over precipices⁸ till my neck was well-nigh broken. Again, I am kept boiling in the sun, and if I steal for a moment into the shade, I cannot stay there. I have almost boiled to-day, journeying among the hot rocks and over burning sands. And what thanks have I got for it? Do you know, neighbor⁹ Bono, the old peasant Alvar?

7. *Bono*. Has he a daughter, Leonore? Is his cottage shaded by two large cork-trees? Is there a field of saffron between his house and the mill?

8. *Malo*. Just so.

9. *Bono*. I have known him these many years. His daughter keeps a few sheep and goats on the mountain, and often drives them to my waters.

10. *Malo*. Well, only think! the old churl had been hoeing, this morning, among his saffron. So, at noon, he comes to me, and goes down on his hands and knees to drink. Then he says, "I'll bathe;" so he bathes; and, without saying so much as "By your leave," or, "God is good," or anything of that sort, just puts on his clothes and walks off. Yet I have watered his fields, and those of his ancestors,¹⁰ for a thousand years; often kept his family from starving; and not one of them ever gave me even a look of gratitude. But I am resolved¹¹ to do so no more. I won't wear out my life for those who give me no thanks. I

mean, in future, to keep my waters to myself, and to water no one but myself.

11. *Bono*. Well, neighbor Malo, I cannot feel as you do, neither do I wish to. I have, indeed, had the same weary times, especially, as you say, to-day, and sometimes have been almost dried up; but I know what is my duty. God made me to water the earth and the plants. It would be pleasant to receive gratitude, but if we cannot have that, there is one thing we can always have, — the happiness of feeling that we have done our duty.

12. *Malo*. Duty! This is fine talking, but I heed it no more than I do the song of that nightingale. What duty do I owe to that old peasant, or any of his kin — to the earth or the plants? What good have they done me?

13. *Bono*. But, neighbor Malo, the duty I speak of is not to them, but to God. I have, as you very well know, turned the mills of Henrique these forty years, and also the fulling-mills of Gonzalez, his nephew. As I said before, this old Alvar's daughter, who used you so scurvily, both waters and washes her sheep in my stream. Not one of these people ever thanked me, yet I love very much to see their sheep fat, their lambs frisking on the hills, and their families thriving. I enjoy their happiness as though it were my own.

14. *Malo*. By this crouching¹² spirit you invite insult and aggression.¹³

15. *Bono*. But are we not as well off in this respect as our neighbors? The earth bringeth not forth fruit for itself. The ocean shares not in the profits of

the voyage. Who thanks the patient ox for dragging the plough all his life? The sheep gives her fleece to clothe men, and then has her throat cut and her skin pulled over her ears, and not so much as thank you, or by your leave, to it all. You and I have not thanked God for this pleasant moonlight, this sweet shade, and the flowers that perfume our banks. He, without any thanks, causes the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust. Surely, then, we, his instruments, ought not to complain, who are so forgetful ourselves.

16. *Mulo*. You are a very noisy brook, as everybody knows, but I am determined to take care of myself. I shall go home, and stay at home; and you, who are as full of Scripture as a brook is full of pebbles, ought to know that charity begins at home.

17. *Bono*. True, but it does not stay there. I shall be sorry to lose your company, we have run together so long. But if you are resolved to benefit only yourself, I am just as firmly resolved to benefit others; yes, till the last drop. I will share even that with the faint and the thirsty.

18. Then Bono went on, overflowing with kindness towards the whole world.

1 SĀ-LŪ'BRĭ-OŪS. Promoting health, healthful.

2 SĒP'Ā-RĀT-ĒD. Parted, disunited, kept asunder.

3 ĪN-TER-VĒN'ING. Coming between.

4 VĪNE'YĀRD. A piece of land planted with grape-vines.

5 PĒAŠ'ANT. A laboring man in Europe who lives in the country.

6 TRĒM'Ū-LOŪS-LŪ. With quivering, tremblingly.

7 FLŪME. A channel for the water that drives a mill-wheel.

8 ĪRĒČ'Ī-PĪCE. A headlong steep.

9 NEIGH'BOR (nā'bur). One who lives near.

10 ĀNČES-TORŠ. Those from whom a person descends, forefathers.

11 RĒ-ŠŌLVED'. Determined, decided.

12 CRŪCH'ING. Servilely bending.

13 ĀG-GRES'SION (-grēsh'un). The first act of injury, an assault.

V. — THE TWO BROOKS, CONCLUDED.

1. THE good brook ran among the vineyards, and the grapes hung in rich clusters ; it ran through the fields, and the grass turned to a deeper green. The trees said, “ He waters us ; let us shade him ! ” and the great oaks and sycamores¹ bent kindly over the brook, and their branches screened it from the heat of the sun.

2. The shepherds often wanted wood ; but they said, “ Let us not cut down the trees that shade the brook, for it is a good brook. It turns our mills and waters our fields and flocks. God be thanked for the running water ! ”

3. Thus the brook worked for everybody, and was loved and protected. It grew larger, and ran into the Guadalquivir. There it helped to water larger fields and turn larger mills. It ran to the ocean, and foamed beneath the keels of mighty ships, and was diffused² over the whole world. It sent up so many vapors to the sky that they returned in plentiful showers, bringing back more than they carried. Thus the brook that worked for everybody, not expecting any thanks or profit, but because it was duty, was loved and blessed.

4. But how fared it with Malo, who had returned into himself, to take care of himself, and left his channels dry and dirty ? For a while he had more water than he knew what to do with. He could hardly restrain it from flowing over his banks. He labored much harder to keep the water from doing good to some one, and watering some poor man's perishing

crops, than he ever did before in watering and fertilizing⁷ a whole province.

5. Meanwhile, in the plains below, the grass withered, the mills stopped, the flocks died; the shepherds cursed the brook, and some of them cursed God. But Malo said, "Let them curse; I'm for myself; I've water enough."

6. By-and-by a fire, at which some shepherds were cooking their dinner, got away from them, and, the wind being high, ran up the dry bed of the brook into the withered grass and dry leaves, and into the forests, and burned up all the shady trees upon the sides of the hills that fed the pond.

7. The sun then pouring in its meridian⁴ heat, began to shrink the waters. There being little motion in them, since they ceased to run, they putrefied,⁵ and the fish perished. Snakes, lizards, and other vile creatures came to live there. Instead of flowers and foliage, bulrushes, reeds, and the deadly aconite grew there.

8. As the waters grew less and less, fewer vapors went up from them, and less rain came down. After a while the pond mantled over with a green scum, and malaria⁶ began to rise from it. People began to die in the neighborhood. Sickness got among the soldiers in a garrison⁷ near by, and the doctors said, "It is the pond! It must be drained!"

9. Then all the peasants and the soldiers came together and drained it dry, and brought down earth and rocks from the mountains, and filled up the bed of the lake, that it might hold no more stagnant⁸ waters.

10. Thus it fell out to the brook that was determined to benefit only itself. Its destruction came through its

own selfishness. It lost all. It had both God and man to fight against. For if men are not always grateful, they are not often slack in repaying injuries. Let us follow the example of the unselfish brook, and by it learn, in blessing others, to be blessed ourselves.

1 SÝC'A-MÖRE. A species of fig-tree.

2 DIF-FÜŞEN'. Spread out widely.

3 FÉR'TIL-ÍZ-ING. Making fertile.

4 MË-RID'I-AN. Mid-day.

5 PÜ'TRË-FIED. Became rotten or corrupt, became putrid.

6 MÄL-I'RÍ-A. The bad air which arises from marshy places.

7 GÄR'RÍ-SON. The soldiers in a fortified place; *also*, a fort.

8 STÄG'NÄNT. Not flowing, standing, motionless.

VI.—BIRDS IN SUMMER.

MARY HOWITT.

1. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree ;
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,¹
That open to sun and stars and moon ;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by !
2. They have left their nests on the forest bough ;
Those homes of delight they need not now ;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse² their green world round about ;
And hark ! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other in love they call !
“ Come up ! come up ! ” they seem to say,
“ Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

3. "Come up, come up ! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high."
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree !
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below !
4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting³ the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home !
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn !
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space ; —
5. To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud ;
To sing in the thunder halls aloud ;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper-cloud winds, — O, what delight !
O, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And see how the water drops are kissed
Into green and yellow and amethyst !⁴
6. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth,⁵ there to flee ;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls ;

Then to wheel about with its mates at play,
 Above, and below, and among the spray,
 Hither and thither, with screams as wild
 As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !

7. What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
 To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees ;
 Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
 The wastes of the blossoming, purple heath,⁵
 And the yellow furze⁷ like fields of gold,
 That gladdened some fairy region⁸ old !
 On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

1 BÖÖN. Pleasant, agreeable.

2 TRAV'ERSE. Wander over, cross.

3 CRĒST'ING. Topping, as a crest.

4 ÅM'F-THYST. A purple or bluish-violet variety of quartz crystal.

5 LĪST'ETH. Wisheth, desireth.

6 HĒATH. A kind of low shrub.

7 FÜRZE. A beautiful, flowering, evergreen shrub, gorse.

8 RĒ'GION. Tract of land.

VII.—THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

HANS ANDERSEN.

1. IT was terribly¹ cold ; it snowed, and was quite dark, and it was the last evening of the year. In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, bareheaded, and with naked feet. When she left home she had slippers on, it is true, but what good did they do her ? They were very large slippers, which her mother had hitherto worn ; so large were they, that the poor little thing lost them as she shuffled, as fast as she could, across the street, to get out

of the way of two carriage that rolled by at a rapid speed. One slipper was nowhere to be found: the other had been laid hold of by an urchin,² and off he ran with it.

2. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny, naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold. She carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong⁴ day; no one had given her a single penny.

3. She crept along trembling with cold and hunger, — a very picture of sorrow, the poor little girl. The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in beautiful curls around her neck; but of that, of course, she never once thought, now. From all the windows the candles were gleaming,⁵ and it smelled so deliciously⁶ of roast goose, for you know it was New-Year's eve; yes, of that she thought.

4. In a corner formed by two houses, one of which advanced more than the other, she seated herself, and cowered⁷ as close to the walls as she could. Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not venture,⁸ for she had not sold any matches, and could not bring a single penny: from her father she would certainly get blows; and at home it was cold too, for above she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags.

5. Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. O! a match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bunch,

draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. "Rischt!" how it blazed, how it burned! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it: it was a wonderful light.

6. It seemed really to the little maiden as though she were sitting before a large iron stove with burnished⁹ brass feet and a brass ornament¹⁰ at top. The fire burned with such blessed influence;¹¹ it warmed so delightfully! The little girl had already stretched out her feet to warm them too; but, — the small flame went out, the stove vanished,¹² she had only the remains of the burnt-out match in her hand.

7. She rubbed another against the wall: it burned brightly, and the wall where the light fell became transparent like a veil, so that she could see into the room. On the table was spread a snow-white tablecloth; upon it was a splendid porcelain¹³ service,¹⁴ and the roast goose was steaming freely, with its stuffing of apple, and dried plums. But what was still better to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, reeled about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till it came up to the poor little girl, when — the match went out, and nothing but the thick, cold, damp wall was left behind.

8. She lighted another match. Now there she was, sitting under the most magnificent¹⁵ Christmas-tree: it was still larger and more decorated¹⁶ than that one which she had seen through the glass door in the rich merchant's house.

9. Thousands of lights were burning on the green branches; and gayly-colored pictures, such as she had

seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched out her hands towards them, when — the match went out. The lights of the Christmas-tree rose higher and higher; she saw them now as stars in heaven: one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

10. "Some one is just dead!" said the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now no more, had told her, that when a star falls, a soul ascends¹⁷ to God.

11. She drew another match against the wall: it was again light, and, in the lustre, there stood her grandmother, so bright and radiant,¹⁸ so mild, and with such an expression¹⁹ of love!

12. "Grandmother," cried the little one; "O, take me with you! You go away when the match burns out; you vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and like the magnificent Christmas-tree!" Then she rubbed the whole bunch of matches quickly against the wall, for she wanted to be quite sure of keeping her grandmother near her.

13. The matches gave so brilliant a light that it seemed brighter than at noon-day. Never formerly had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall. She took the little maiden on her arm, and both flew in brightness and in joy high, very high, and then above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anxiety, — they were with God.

14. But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the little girl, with rosy cheeks and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall, — frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Frozen, stark²⁰ sat

the child there, with her matches, of which one bunch had been burned.

15. "She wanted to warm herself," people said. No one had the slightest thought²¹ that she had seen things so beautiful; no one ever dreamed of the splendor²² in which, with her grandmother, she had entered on the joys of a new year.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 TĒR'RĪ-BLY. In a manner to cause terror, excessively. | 12 VĀN'ISHED (-isht). Disappeared, became invisible. |
| 2 CĀR'RĪAĖE (kār'rĭj). A vehicle on wheels, as a coach, a chaise, &c. | 13 PÖR'CE-LĀIN. A fine kind of earthen ware, China-ware. |
| 3 ÜR'CHIN. A small boy. | 14 SĒR'VĪKE. The labor or duty of one who serves; here, a set of dishes used at table. |
| 4 LĪVE'LÖNG. Long in passing. | 15 MĀG-NĪF'I-CĒNT. Splendid, grand, showy, stately. |
| 5 GLĒAM'ING. Darting rays of light. | 16 DĒC'Q-RĀT-ED. Adorned, beautified, ornamented. |
| 6 DĒ-LĪ'CIOUS-LY. In a manner to highly please the taste. | 17 ĀS-CĒNDŠ/. Goes up, rises. |
| 7 CÖW'ERED. Sank down with bended knees, crouched. | 18 RĀ'DĪ-ANT. Beaming, shining. |
| 8 VĒNT'URE. Dare, have courage. | 19 ĖX-PRĒS'SIÖN (eks-prĕsh'ün.) Appearance of the countenance, look, aspect. |
| 9 BÜR'NISHED (-nĭsh). Polished, shining, glossy. | 20 STĀRK. Stiff, rigid. |
| 10 ÖR'NA-MĒNT. Something which adorns. | 21 THÖUGHT (thāwt). Idea, notion. |
| 11 ĪN'FLU-ENCE. A directing power, a power whose operation is known only by its effect. | 22 SPĒN'DÖR. Grandeur, brilliancy. |

VIII.—THE GOODNESS OF GOD: A HYMN.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1. COME, let us go into the thick shade, for it is the noon of day, and the summer sun beats hot upon our heads.

2. The shade is pleasant and cool; the branches meet above our heads, and shut out the sun as with a green

curtain ; the grass is soft to our feet, and a clear brook washes the roots of the trees.

3. The sloping¹ bank is covered with flowers ; let us lie down upon it ; let us throw our limbs on the fresh grass and sleep ; for all things are still, and we are quite alone.

4. The cattle can lie down to sleep in the cool shade, but we can do what is better : we can raise our voices to heaven ; we can praise the great God who made us.

5. He made the warm sun, and the cool shade ; the trees that grow upwards, and the brooks that run murmuring along. All the things that we see are His work.

6. Can we raise our voices up to the high heaven ? Can we make Him hear, who is above the stars ? We need not raise our voices to the stars, for He heareth us when we only whisper ; when we breathe out words softly with a low voice. He that filleth the heavens is here also.

7. May we, that are so young, speak to Him that always was ? May we, that can hardly speak plain, speak to God ?

8. We, that are so young, are but lately made alive ; therefore we should not forget His forming hand who hath made us alive. We, that cannot speak plain, should lisp out praises to Him who teacheth us how to speak, and hath opened our dumb lips.

9. When we could not think of Him, He thought of us ; before we could ask Him to bless us, He had already given us many blessings.

10. He fashioneth² our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow ; He maketh us strong and tall and nimble.³

11. Every day we are more active than the former day ; therefore every day we ought to praise Him better than the former day.

12. The buds spread into leaves, and the blossoms¹ swell to fruit ; but they know not how they grow, nor who caused them to spring up from the bosom of the earth.

13. Ask them if they will tell thee ; bid them break forth into singing, and fill the air with pleasant sounds.

14. They smell sweet, they look beautiful ; but they are quite silent ; no sound is in the still air, no murmur of voices amongst the green leaves.

15. The plants and the trees are made to give fruit to man ; but man is made to praise God, who made him.

16. We love to praise Him, because He loveth to bless us ; we thank Him for life, because it is a pleasant thing to be alive.

17. We love God, who hath created all beings ; we love all beings, because they are the creatures² of God.

18. We cannot be good, as God is good, to all persons everywhere ; but we can rejoice³ that everywhere there is a God to do them good.

19. We will think of God when we play and when we work ; when we walk out and when we come in : when we sleep and when we wake : His praise shall dwell continually upon our lips.

1 SLÖP'ING. Slanting, inclining.
2 FÄSH'ION ETH. Giveth form to.
3 NIM'BLE. Quick, active.

4 BLÖSS'OM. A flower.
5 CRĒAT'URRE. A created being.
6 RE-JÖYCE'. Be joyful, be glad

IX. — WATER.

MISS TAYLOR.

WHAT is it that glitters so clear and serene,¹
Or dances in billows so white?
Ships skimming along on its surface are seen.
T is water that glitters so bright.

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities² wet,
The pearl oyster³ quietly sleeps;
A thousand fair shells, yellow, amber, and jet,
And coral,⁴ glow bright in its deeps.

Whales lash the white foam in their frolicsome wrath,
While hoarsely the winter wind roars,
And shoals⁵ of green mackerel⁶ stretch from the north
And wander along by our shores.

When tempests sweep over its bosom serene,
Like mountains its billows arise;
The ships now appear to be buried between,
And now carried up to the skies.

It gushes out clear from the sides of the hill,
And merrily runs down the steep;
Then waters the valley, and roars through the mill,
And wanders in many a sweep.

The traveller, that crosses the desert so wide,
Hot, weary, and stifled with dust,
Longs often to stoop at some rivulet's side,
To quench in its waters his thirst.

The stately white swan glides along on its breast,
 Nor ruffles its surface serene ;
 And the duckling unfledged ⁷ waddles out of its nest
 To dabble in ditch-water green.

The clouds, blown about in the chilly, blue sky,
 Vast cisterns ⁸ of water contain ;
 Like snowy-white feathers in winter they fly ;
 In summer, stream gently in rain.

When sunbeams so bright on the falling drops shine,
 The rainbow enlivens ⁹ the shower,
 And glows in the heavens, a beautiful sign
 That water shall drown us no more.

1 SĖ-RĖNE'. Calm, placid, quiet.

2 CXV'ĭ-TJĖŞ. Hollow place.

3 ÖYS'TĖR. A kind of shell-fish.

4 CÖR'AL. A hard, limy substance,
 red, white, or black, found in
 the sea.

5 SHÖAL. A multitude, a large num-
 ber together, as of fishes.

6 MĖCK'ĖR-ĖL. A small sea-fish hav-
 ing a streaked or spotted back.

7 ŪN-FLĖDĖD' (Ūn-flĖjd'). Without
 feathers, unfeathered.

8 CĖS'TĖRN. A hollow place for hold-
 ing much water, a tank.

9 ĖN-LĖ'VENŞ (Ėn-li vnz). Makes
 cheerful, animates.

X. — HASTE NOT — REST NOT.

[CHRISTOPHER C. COX, author of the following lines, is a native of Baltimore, Maryland, and a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1835. He is a physician by profession, and was for more than twenty years diligently and successfully engaged in practice. In October, 1861, he received the appointment of brigade surgeon, U. S. A., and in January, 1862, was made medical purveyor, U. S. A. He is now (1865) Lieutenant Governor of Maryland. He is the author of many fugitive poetical pieces which are deservedly popular.]

1. "WITHOUT haste ! without rest !"
 Bind the motto ¹ to thy breast ;

Bear it with thee as a spell ;¹
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well ;
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom —
 Bear it onward to the tomb.

2. Haste not ! let no thoughtless² deed
 Mar for aye³ the spirit's speed ;
 Ponder⁴ well and know the right ;
 Onward then with all thy might ;
 Haste not ! years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless⁵ action done.

3. Rest not ! life is sweeping by ;
 Do and dare before you die ;
 Something mighty⁷ and sublime⁸
 Leave behind to conquer⁹ time ;
 Glorious 't is to live for aye
 When these forms have passed away.

4. Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait ;
 Meekly bear the storm of fate ;
 Duty be thy polar¹⁰ guide ;
 Do the right whate'er betide !¹¹
 Haste not ! rest not ! Conflicts past,
 God shall crown¹² thy work at last.

1 MÔT'TO. A sentence to be remembered as a guide for conduct.

2 SPELL. A form of words supposed to possess magical virtues.

3 THOUGHT'LESS (thâwt'lēs). Without thought, careless.

4 FÖR ÄYE (ä). Forever.

5 PÖN'DER. Think, deliberate.

6 RECK LESS. Heedless, rash.

7 MIGHT'Y. Very great or powerful, having might or strength.

8 SUB LIME'. Lofty, noble, grand.

9 CÖN'QUER (köng'ker). Overcome.

10 PÖ'LÄR. Unvarying as the polar star, constant.

11 BË-TIDE'. Happen, come to pass.

12 CRÖWN. Invest with a crown reward, recompense.



[This and the following piece are from "The Boat Club," by Oliver Optic. The club is composed of thirteen boys, who make excursions upon the lake in their boat, which is called the 'Zephyr'. This boat is a present to Frank Sedley from his father, under whose guidance, and that of Uncle Ben, — a retired sailor living with Mr. Sedley, — the club has been organized. The Bunkers are a company of bad boys under the leadership of Tim Bunker, who also have a boat, which is called the Thunderbolt.]

1. As they came round to the boat-house, Mrs. Sedley was landed, and the club rowed up to Weston Bay to leave Mrs. Weston and her daughter. Both the

passengers were delighted with their excursion,' and were profuse of their thanks to Frank and his companions for their kindness.

2. "What shall we do now?" said Charles, as they pushed off.

3. "Hadn't we better give up for to-day?" suggested Frank.

4. "Let us go down to Rippleton for your father," added Fred.

5. "Yes; we will do that," answered Frank, and the Zephyr dashed away towards the village.

6. They had scarcely passed the boat-house before they discovered the Thunderbolt, directly ahead of them. Uncle Ben had landed at Rippleton, and had housed the Sylph, so that the Bunkers were no longer restrained by his presence and that of Mrs. Sedley. There was no way to avoid them, and Frank continued his course with some misgivings as to the consequences."

7. "Bunkers ahead!" said he.

8. "Never mind them, Frank," added Fred Harper. "We won't say any thing to them."

9. "Tim will get his revenge upon us if he can, for running into his boat this morning."

10. "We had to do it to get Tony Weston out of his clutches. He was just going to strike Tony with his oar, and perhaps would have killed him if we hadn't run into his boat. I suppose we can keep out of his way, though I don't like the idea of running away from them."

11. "I like it better than I do the idea of fighting with them. But the lake is narrow near the village."

12. "We can row two rods to their one."

13. "They have improved a great deal by their day's practice. They are resting on their oars, waiting for us."

14. "Let them wait; we will mind nothing about them."

15. The Zephyr continued on her course. It was necessary⁴ for her to pass within a short distance of the Thunderbolt, and Frank feared the Bunkers would retaliate⁵ upon them for their discomfiture⁶ in the forenoon.

16. "Let every member of the club mind his oar," said he, as the boat approached the vicinity⁷ of the Bunkers; "I will watch them; I want you to mind what I say, and work quick when I speak."

17. "We will," answered the boys.

18. "I suspect, if they mean any thing, that they intend to rush upon us when we pass them. Yes, there is Tim bringing her head round so that she lies broadside to us, and every one of them has his oar ready to pull."

19. "Can't you cut across the lake, and avoid them?" asked Tony.

20. "We must pass them somewhere, and they can cut us off, whatever course we take."

21. "Smash them, if they come too near," said Fred.

22. "No, no, Fred; that would n't do. When I tell you to stop and back her, do it promptly, and we can easily get away from them. Pull steady."

23. The boys rowed leisurely,⁸ and the Zephyr in a short time reached a position which exposed her to the assault of the Thunderbolt.

24. "Pull! pull!" cried Tim Bunker.

25. The course of the Thunderbolt was at right angles to that of the Zephyr. Tim had apparently made a nice calculation in regard to his intended movements. He had started so as to come up with his rival, when she came to the point in her course directly ahead of him.

26. The Bunkers pulled with all their might, and the two boats were rapidly nearing each other. Tim's plan had been well conceived,⁹ and the collision¹⁰ seemed inevitable. Frank saw that he had rightly interpreted¹¹ the intentions of the Bunkers, but he still kept on.

27. Suddenly, as the Thunderbolt was on the point of pouncing upon her prey, Frank, with startling energy, gave the command, —

28. "Stop! back her!"

29. Every boy, expecting the order, was ready to execute it. The oars bent under the violent exertion they made to check the farther progress of the boat.

30. When the collision seemed unavoidable, Tim abandoned the helm, and leaped forward into the bow of the boat. He had a large stick in his hand, and it was evidently his intention to use it upon poor Tony, for his glance was fixed upon him with savage ferocity.¹²

31. Frank's plan worked well. He had withheld the order to stop and back her till the last moment, so that Tim should have no time to change the course of the Thunderbolt, and thus derange his plan. As it was, it was a very narrow escape, and nothing but the promptness with which the order was executed averted¹³ the impending catastrophe.¹⁴

32. The Thunderbolt passed across the course of the Zephyr, not three feet from her bow. Tim saw that he was foiled, and enraged at his disappointment, he aimed a blow at Tony with the long stick, as the Thunderbolt shot past.

33. Tony was beyond his reach; he leaned over the side of the boat in a vain attempt to accomplish his malignant purpose. But in doing so, he lost his foothold, and fell head foremost into the lake!

34. He disappeared beneath the dark surface of the water, and his boat passed over the spot. The Zephyr, impelled backward by the vigorous strokes of her crew, was several rods from the place before the club fully realized¹⁵ the nature of the unfortunate occurrence.¹⁶

1 Ẽx-cŭr'siŏn. A short voyage or journey, a tour, a trip.

2 Sŭg-ġĕst'ĕd. Intimated, hinted.

3 Cŏn'sĕ-quĕnce. Result, issue.

4 Nĕç'ĕs-sā-ry. That must be.

5 Rĕ-tāl'i-āte. Return like for like, repay, pay back.

6 Dĭs-cŏm'fĭt-ŭre. Defeat, overthrow, frustration.

7 Vĭ-cĭn'i-tŷ. Neighborhood, place near.

8 Lĕi'sŭre-lŷ. Not hastily.

9 Cŏn-cĕived. Formed in the mind.

10 Çŏl-lĭ'siŏn. A striking together, a running against each other.

11 [N-tĕr'prĕt-ĕd. Explained, divined, surmised.

12 Fĕ-rŏç'i-tŷ. The fierceness of a savage nature.

13 A-vĕrt'ĕd. Turned aside.

14 Çā-tās'trŏ-phĕ. Final event; *commonly*, an unfortunate event, a calamity, a mishap.

15 Rĕ'al-ĭzed. Felt fully.

16 Çc-cŭr'rĕnce. That which happens, an event.

XII.—TONY WESTON'S REVENGE, CONCLUDED.

1. THE Thunderbolt was much nearer the place where Tim had disappeared, than the Zephyr; but her crew seemed to be utterly paralyzed¹ by the event, and unable to render the slightest assistance. One of the Bunkers

took the helm, and endeavored to rally his companions ; but in their confusion they were incapable of handling their oars ; some pulled one way, and some another, and instead of urging the boat ahead, they only turned it round in a circle.

2. " Stop her ! " shouted Frank, as soon as he discovered the accident. " Pull ! Tim Bunker has fallen overboard ! "

3. The crew, though affected to some extent as the Bunkers were, used their oars with skill and energy. The presence of mind which Frank displayed, inspired them with courage, and the Zephyr darted forward toward the spot where Tim had gone down.

4. " There he is ! " exclaimed Frank, with frantic earnestness ; " pull with all your might ! "

5. " Help ! Save me ! " cried Tim, as he rose to the surface.

6. The boats were both several rods distant from him. He did not swim, but seemed to struggle with all his strength, apparently with a spasmodic effort, as though he had entirely lost his self-control.

7. " Pull ! " shouted Frank, again. " Tony, stand ready with your boat-hook. "

8. But Tim struggled only for an instant on the surface, and then went down again.

9. " Steady, " said Frank, as the Zephyr approached the spot. " That will do ; back her ! "

10. The boat, under the skilful management of the resolute young coxswain, lost her headway, and lay motionless on the water near the spot where Tim had last appeared.

11. " Do you see him, Tony ? "

12. "No. He has sunk to the bottom!"

13. "Fred, go forward with this boat-hook," continued Frank.

14. Fred took the boat-hook, and went forward to the bow of the Zephyr.

15. "There he is!" exclaimed Tony, as he caught a sight of the drowning boy beneath the surface.

16. Fred dropped his boat-hook down into the water with the intention of fastening it into his clothes.

17. "He sinks again!" cried Tony, throwing off his jacket and shoes.

18. Before any of the crew could fully understand his purpose, so quick were his movements, he dived from the bow of the boat deep down into the water.

19. The boys held their breath in the intensity of their feelings. Two or three of them had dropped their oars, and were leaving their places.

20. "Keep your places, and hold on to your oars!" said Frank, sternly. "Henry Calrow, take the other boat-hook."

21. "Back her a little—one stroke," said Fred Harper. "We are passing over the spot."

22. Frank ordered the boat back, as desired.

23. "Here they rise! Tony has him!" exclaimed Fred, as he hooked into Tim's clothes. "Grasp the other boat-hook, Tony."

24. Tim was drawn in, apparently dead.

25. Tony was so exhausted that he could not speak, and sank into the bottom of the boat.

26. "Pull!" said Frank, heading the Zephyr towards Rippleton.

27. The sad event had been observed from the shore,

and before the arrival of the club-boat quite a number of persons had collected. Scarcely a minute elapsed before the Zephyr touched the bank, and the body of Tim Bunker, apparently lifeless, was taken out and conveyed to the nearest house.

28. "How do you feel, Tony?" asked Frank, lifting the noble little fellow from his position.

29. "Badly, Frank; I want to go home," replied he, faintly.

30. Among other persons who had gathered on the shore of the lake was one of the physicians^s of Rippleton. He followed the party that conveyed Tim into the house, and applied himself vigorously to the means of restoring him. It was a long time before there were any signs of life, and people in the mean time believed him dead.

31. While Dr. Allen was at work over Tim, Fred Harper came to request his assistance for Tony. Fortunately Dr. Davis, another physician, arrived at this moment, and accompanied him to the boat.

32. "What ails him, Dr. Davis?" asked Frank, alarmed by the illness of his friend.

33. "Exhaustion and excitement have affected him."

34. "Is it any thing serious?"

35. "I think not. We must get his wet clothes off, and put him to bed."

36. "Will you go home with him? We will row you up and back again."

37. The physician was very willing to go, and the boat put off. The club pulled with all their strength, and the distance to Tony's house was accomplished in a very few moments. Mrs. Weston was greatly alarmed

when Tony was brought in, but the doctor assured her it was nothing serious. He was put to bed, the doctor prescribed⁷ for him, and when the boys were ready to leave, they had the satisfaction of knowing that the patient was much better.

38. When they reached Rippleton, they found that Tim had been restored, and conveyed to his father's house.

1 PĀP'Ā-LĪZĀD. Affected so as to lose the power of action.

2 DĪS-PLĀYED'. Exhibited, showed.

3 SĒĀS-MŌD'JO Convulsive.

4 ĪN-TĒN'Ā' TY. State of being highly ~~excited~~ earnestness, ardor.

5 ĒX-HĀUST'ED (ēgz-hāwst'ed). Deprived of strength.

6 PHŪ-SĪ'CIĀN (fē-zīsh'ān) One who practises medicine, a doctor.

7 PRĒ-SCRIBED'. Gave medical directions, directed.

XIII. — THE ALARM.

WHITTIER.

1. UP the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse¹ the sleeping citizen,
Summon² out the might of men !
2. Like a lion crouching low,
Like a night-storm rising slow,
Like the tread of unseen foe, —
3. It is coming — it is nigh !
Stand your homes and altars by !
On your own free hearth-stones die !
4. Clang the bells in all your spires !
On the gray hills of your sires³
Fling to heaven your signal-fires !

5. O ! for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of your land !

6. Whoso shrinks and falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven⁴ on his brow !

1 RŌŌŋ. Awake, arouse.

2 SŪM'MŌM. Call by authority.

3 SĪRĒŋ. Fathers, ancestors.

4 CRĀ'VĒN. Coward, dastard.

XIV. — PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

SIR W. SCOTT.

[The Highland clans residing in the north of Scotland were formerly much engaged in wars against each other, and one clan would frequently march in great force to attack another. In those days every man was a fighting man. This piece of poetry expresses the sentiments and motives with which they set out on such warlike expeditions. This state of things has long since ceased.

The word *piibroch* means a warlike tune played on a bagpipe. *Dhu* means black, or swarthy. This pibroch, or gathering-song of Donald the Black, is supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, landed from the Hebrides, and defeated the Earls of Mar and Caithness at Inverlochy, in Inverness-shire.]

1. PIBROCH* of Donald Dhu,
Pibroch of Donald,
Wake thy wild voice anew ;
Summon clan Connel.
Come away, come away ;
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles¹ and commons.²

2. Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ;

* Pronounced *pē'brōk*.

The war-pipe and pennon *
Are at Inverlochy
Come every hill plaid,* and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

3. Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges ;⁴
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.⁵
4. Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal,⁶ page and groom,
Tenant and master.
5. Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.⁷

* PLAID. A striped or checkered cloth much worn by the Highlanders, and indicating, by the variety of its patterns, the different Scottish clans. The Scottish pronunciation of this word is plāde.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set !
 Pibroch of Donald Dhu,
 Sound for the onset !

1 GÈN'TLES. Those above the common people in birth and breeding.

2 CÒM'MONŞ. The common people.

3 PÈN'NON. Banner, standard.

4 BÀBÈ. A large boat.

5 TÀRGE. A round shield.

6 VÌS'SAL. A tenant who rendered his lord military service.

7 HÈATH'ER (Scottish pronunciation hēth'ēr). A kind of low shrub.

XV. — FIVE IN THE PEA-SHELL.

HANS ANDERSEN.

1. FIVE peas sat in a pea-shell. They were green, and the shell was green ; therefore, they thought that the whole world must be green ; in which opinion they were about right.

2. The shell grew, and the peas grew too. They could accommodate¹ themselves very well to their narrow house, and sat very happily together, all five in a row. The sun shone outside and warmed the shell. The rain made it so clear that you could see through it. It was very warm and pleasant in there, — clear by day and dark by night, just as it should be. The five peas grew very fast, and became more intelligent² the older they were.

3. " Shall I always be compelled³ to sit here ? " said one to the rest. " I really am afraid that I shall get hard from sitting constantly. I do believe strange things are going on outside of our shell as well as in here. "

4. Weeks passed on, and the peas became yellow, and the shell grew yellow too. "All the world is yellow!" said they. And we cannot blame them, under the circumstances, for the exclamation.'

5. One day their house was struck as if by lightning. They were torn off by somebody's hand, and were put into a coat-pocket which was already nearly filled with peas. "Now there is going to be an end of us," they sighed^s to one another, and they began to prepare themselves for their change. "But if we live, I should like to hear from the one who goes farthest," said the largest pea.

6. "It will soon be over with us all," said the smallest pea. But the largest one replied, "Come what will, I am ready."

7. Knack! The shell burst, and all five rolled out into the bright sunshine. Soon they lay in a little boy's hand. He held them fast, and said they would be excellent for his little gun. Almost immediately they were rolling down the barrel of his shot-gun. Out again they went into the wide world.

8. "Now I am flying out into the world. Catch me if you can." So said one, and he was very soon out of sight.

9. The second said: "I am going to fly up to the sun. That is a charming shell, and would be just about large enough for me." And off he flew.

10. "Wherever we go we are going to bed," said two others; and they hit the roof of a great stone house, and rolled down on the ground.

11. "I am going to make the best of my lot," said the last one; and it went high up, but came down

against the balcony* window of an old house, and caught there in a little tuft of moss. The moss closed up and there lay the pea. Everybody seemed to forget that little pea. But not so; God remembered it well.

12. "I shall make the best of my lot," it said as it lay there. A poor woman lived in a room back of the balcony window. She spent the whole day in making little toys of wood and shells, which was her way of getting a little money. She had a good, strong body, but nevertheless she was a very poor widow, and the prospect was that she would always be one. In that little room lived her half-grown, delicate* daughter. A whole year she had been lying there, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

13. "She will soon go off to see her little sister!" sighed the mother. "I had two children, and it was a difficult* task for me to take care of them both. But the Lord has taken one of them to live with him. I should like to keep this one with me; but it appears as if God wants them both with him. Soon she will go and see her sister."

14. But the sick girl still lived, and lay patiently* on her sick bed, while her mother worked hard for their daily bread.

1 AC-CŎM'MŎ-DĀTE. Adapt, fit.

2 IN-TĒL/LI-QĒNT. Well-informed, knowing.

3 CŎM-PĒLLED*. Forced, constrained.

4 ĒX-CLĀ-MĀ'TIŎN. Outcry, sudden or emphatic utterance.

5 SIGHED (sid). Gave out a deep, long breath, as in grief; *here*, said with a sigh or sighs.

6 BĀL/CŎ-NY. A platform having a frame around it, on the outer walls of a house, before windows.

7 DĒL/I-CĀTE. Nice; *here*, not able to endure hardships, not hardy.

8 DĪF'I-CŪLT. Hard, not easy.

9 PĀ'TIĒNT-LY (pā'shent-). With calm endurance, without complaint.

XVI — FIVE IN THE PEA-SHELL, CONCLUDED.

1. BY-AND-BY spring-time came on. One morning when the industrious mother was going about her work the friendly sun shone through the little window and all along the little roof. The sick girl looked down at the bottom of the window and saw something growing.

2. "What kind of weed is that?" she asked. "It is going to grow against the window. See, the wind is shaking it."

3. And the mother came to the window and opened it a little. "Just see!" she exclaimed. "This is a slender pea-vine. It is now shooting out its green leaves. How it likes the little crevice!" Soon we shall have a garden!"

4. Then the sick girl's bed was moved closer to the window, so that she could see the little climbing pea. Then her mother went to work again.

5. "Mother, I really believe I shall get well again," said the daughter one evening to her mother. "The sun has been shining into the window so kindly to-day, and the pea-vine is growing so fast that I believe I shall soon be able to go out into the bright sunshine."

6. "I pray to God it may be so!" said the mother; but she did not believe it could come to pass. Then she stuck down a little stick for the pea-vine to run on, and tied a string around the vine to keep the wind from blowing it away. Every day it grew higher and larger.

7. "Now it is almost ready to blossom," said the

mother one day as she went up to the window. "I am beginning to think my dear daughter will get well again."

8. She had noticed that her sick girl had been getting more cheerful and stronger of late; so on the morning that the pea-vine blossomed she raised her up in bed, and leaned her against a chair. The next week she was able, for the first time in many months, to get out of bed and take a few steps.

9. How happy she was as she sat in the bright sunshine, and looked at the growing pea-vine! The window was open, and the morning breeze came skipping in. Then the girl leaned her head out of the window and kissed her vine. That day was a happy holiday to her.

10. "The good Father in heaven, my dear child, has planted that little flowering pea here for you, and also to bring hope and joy to my heart." So spoke the mother, — and truly, too.

11. Now, what became of the other peas? The one which flew out into the wide world, and said, as he passed, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter beside the street, and was swallowed by a dove.

12. The two which went off together fared no better, for they were both devoured² by hungry pigeons.³

13. The fourth pea, which went off toward the sun, did not get half-way there, but fell into a water-spout, and lay there for weeks, growing larger all the time.

14. "I am getting so corpulent,"⁴ it said one day, "I shall soon burst, I am afraid, and that will certainly be the last of me."

15. And the chimney, who afterward wrote his

epitaph,¹ told me a few days ago that he did burst. So that was the last of him.

16. But the sick girl stood one day, with bright eyes and red cheeks, at her mother's window, and folding her hands over the beautiful pea-vine, thanked her Heavenly Father for His goodness.

1 CRĖV'ICE. A crack, a cleft.

2 DĖ-VÖÜRED'. Eaten greedily.

3 PĖQ'EON (pĖ'jūn). A well-known bird.

4 CÖR'PU-LĖNT. Fleishy, fat.

5 ĖP'ĭ-TĀPH. A writing on a monument in memory of one dead.

XVII. — SNOW-FLAKES.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

1. WHENCE come these feathery¹ forms of light,
That meet our wondering eyes?
Say, were they borne on angels' wings,
From lands beyond the skies?
2. They come, they come, with noiseless tread,
A bright and glittering band;
Their fairy² forms of matchless grace,
Fresh from a Father's hand.
3. A carpet soft they quickly spread
O'er mountain, hill, and glen;
O'er forest deep and quiet glade,³
And on the homes of men.
4. Alike on lordly cities fair,
And on each quiet town;

On lofty hall and lowly cot,
Cometh this blessing down.

5. Say, wherefore come these dazzling forms,
Arrayed⁴ in purest white,
All fashioned by a hand divine,
Whose dwelling is the light?

6. They come to teach us lessons sweet,
Of peace and joy and love ;
To lead our thoughts from earthly things
To heavenly things above.

7. We love the summer rain-drops well,
That patter on the leaves ;
As well we love the fleecy wreath⁵
Which winter for us weaves.

8. Both are alike the gift of One
Of boundless power and worth,
Who sendeth down the gentle showers
To beautify the earth.

9. O ! may this Father, ever kind
Our inward spirit bless,
And keep us, like the snow-flakes, pure,
Till in his home we rest.

1 FEATH'ER-Y. Like feathers.

2 FAIR'Y. A fabled small being in human shape, a fay.

3 GLÂDE. An open space in a wood.

4 AR-RĀYED'. (-rād). Put in order ; here clothed, decked.

5 WRĒATH. Something curled or twisted ; a garland, a chaplet.

XVIII.—THE DEFORMED PALM-TREE.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

1. ALMOST every one who reads much has seen pictures of the palm-tree. It has a long trunk, and at the top long, broad leaves stretch out in every direction. It is one of the most graceful objects in a tropical¹ landscape;² and if you ever see one growing, you will remember it as a magnificent³ tree.

2. I was sailing up the beautiful bay of Rio de Janeiro,* and as the steamer approached the pretty island⁴ called Paquete, the attention of the passengers was directed to a tall palm-tree, which, instead of having its limbs spread out alike in every direction, had them all turned over one side, forming a complete loop. It was strangely deformed, and looked all the worse because it was near other trees that were well-shaped

3. Many of the passengers had seen the tree fifty times, but still they looked at it and talked about its deformity. And the tree seemed to hang its head for shame. There it stood, and having got this bend in it, the larger it grew the greater the deformity was. There was no help for it, and people would talk about it as long as it was in sight.

4. I inquired how it became so misshapen, and I will venture to say not one of you can guess. But I wish you to remember how it happened.

5. When that tree was young, and its tender leaves were shooting straight up into the air, a spider made a

* Rê'o dā Jp.āā'rō.

web extending from the top of the leaves down to the trunk. As the young leaves grew, they found themselves drawn down on one side by the spider's web, and so having once got the wrong bend, they kept on growing that way.

6. What a lesson to boys and girls who are forming habits that will last them through life! Just let selfishness, for example, direct the motives of your actions, draw them earthward, and make them grovelling,⁵ and you will grow up disgustingly deformed.

1 TRÖP'I-CAL. Pertaining to the tropics or torrid zone.

2 LÄND'SCÄPE. A tract of country which the eye can comprehend in one view, a prospect.

3 MAG-NIF'I-CÉNT. Grand, splendid.

4 ÍSL'ÄND (i'länd). Land wholly surrounded by water.

5 GRÖV'EL-LING. Creeping low on the ground; low and mean.

XIX.—CANUTE'S REPROOF TO HIS COURTIER.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CANUTE, *King of England.* OSWALD, OFFA, *Courtiers.*

SCENE.—The sea-side—The tide coming in.

1. *Canute.* Is it true, my friends—what you have so often told me—that I am the greatest of monarchs?¹

2. *Offa.* It is true, my liege;² you are the most powerful of all kings.

3. *Oswald.* We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

4. *Offa.* Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

5. *Canute.* Does the sea, with its loud, boisterous³ waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

6. *Offa*. Yes, the sea is yours ; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.⁴

7. *Canute*. Is not the tide coming up ?

8. *Oswald*. Yes, my liege ; you may perceive the swell already.

9. *Canute*. Bring me a chair, then ; set it here upon the sands.

10. *Offa*. Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord ?

11. *Canute*. Yes, set it just here.

12. *Oswald* [*aside*]. I wonder what he is going to do !

13. *Offa* [*aside*]. Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us !

14. *Canute*. O, mighty Ocean ! thou art my subject ; my courtiers^{*} tell me so ; and it is thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

15. *Oswald* [*aside*]. I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

16. *Offa*. See how fast the tide rises !

17. *Oswald*. The next wave will come up to the chair. It is a folly to stay ; we shall be covered with salt water.

18. *Canute*. Well, does the sea obey my commands ? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious^{*} subject. See how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person. Vile sycophants !' did you

think I was the dupe of your base lies — that I believed your abject flatteries?¹ Know, there is only one Being whom the sea will obey. He is Sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only He who can say to the ocean, “Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

19. A king is but a man, and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him? Take away this crown; I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace!

1 MÖN'ARĒH. A ruler of a nation, who has sole authority, a king.

2 LIĒĒE. One to whom allegiance is due, a sovereign.

3 BÖLĒ'TĒR-OÜS. Furious, roaring.

4 SÖV'ĒR-EJGN. A supreme ruler.

5 CÖURT'ĒR (-yēr) A man who frequents the courts of princes.

6 RĒ-BĒL'LIOÜS (-yēs). Resisting lawful authority.

7 SŸC'Q-PHĀNT. A mean flatterer.

8 FLĀT'ĒR-Ÿ. False praise.

GIVE me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp that I aye¹ may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy² yeoman:³
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

1 AYE (ā). Always, ever.

2 STŪR'DY. Hardy, stout.

3 YEÖ'MAN (yō'man). A working man; especially, a farmer.



XX.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

LONGFELLOW.

1. UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy¹ stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy² hands,
And the muscles³ of his brawny⁴ arms
Are strong as iron bands.

2. His hair is crisp and black and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge⁶
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton⁶ ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.
4. And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge',
And hear the bellows roar ;
To see the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,⁸
And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in paradise !⁹
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;

And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted,¹⁰ something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

1 SMITH'Y. The shop of a smith.

2 SIN'EW-Y (sin'ny-y). Strong, nervous, muscular.

3 MŪS'CLĒŞ (mūs'slz). Bundles of fleshy fibres which are organs of motion in animals.

4 BRĀWN'Y. Muscular, sinewy.

5 SLĒDGE. A large hammer.

6 SĒX'TŌX. An officer of a church, whose duty it is to take care of

the building, &c., and sometimes to dig graves.

7 FŌRGE. A furnace in which iron is heated so as to be hammered and shaped.

8 CHOÏR (kwir). A band of singers in church service.

9 PĀI'A-DĪSE. A place of bliss heaven.

10 AT-TĒMPT'ED. Tried, assayed.

XXI. — BIRDS' NESTS.

MRS. CHILD.

1. THE nests of birds are made with great nicety¹ and skill ; and we cannot help admiring the results which are produced by a creature which has no tools to work with but a bill and two claws. It would be difficult for a man, with all his inventions² and resources, to do as well.

2. And there is this peculiarity³ about birds : they do not require to be taught how to build their nests ; nor do they serve any apprenticeship in order to learn how to use their tools. It is an instinct, or natural faculty, bestowed upon them by our heavenly Father.

3. But birds do not improve in the building of their nests, as men do in the construction⁴ of their houses, The bird that sang to Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, built just such a nest as the same kind of bird does now. And this is one of the differences between reason, the faculty of man, and instinct, the faculty of animals: reason improves and makes progress, but instinct is always the same.

4. Birds build their nests of different materials,⁵ in different ways, and in different places: indeed, there is almost as much variety in the structure⁶ of their nests as in that of houses in which men live. Birds that build on the earth, or ground, are called ground-builders. The English redbreast and most of the sparrow tribe are of this class.

5. These birds frame their nests of dried grass, lined with horse-hair, close to the root of some protecting bush, or under the shelter of a high tuft of grass. Every boy and girl living in the country has seen the little ground-bird flutter up from her nest, when scared by an approaching foot — thus revealing her pretty nest, which would otherwise have escaped observation.⁷

6. The barn swallows build among the beams and rafters of barns and sheds; and they fly in and out when the farmer is tending his cows, without seeming to be at all afraid. They make a plaster of clay and bits of fine straw, and in some snug corner they fashion a little cup-shaped nest, warmly lined with fine bits of hay, hair, and feathers. Sometimes twenty or thirty swallows will build side by side in the same barn. They never quarrel, but seem to live together in the most happy friendship.

7. The woodpeckers cut places for themselves in the trunks of trees. They have short bills, very sharp and hard; and the tapping they make with them may be heard a good way off. When they find a suitable tree, the father bird begins to cut a hole, as round and smooth as if made by a carpenter's tool. While he rests, the mother bird does her share.

8. They carefully carry away all the chips they make; probably to avoid drawing attention to the nest. The entrance is just big enough for the bird to pass through. It slopes downward, and terminates⁹ in a little room as neat as if made by a cabinet-maker. Some of these birds make it eighteen and twenty inches deep, others three or four feet. But in spite of the pains they take to place their little ones in safety, an ugly snake sometimes gets in and eats them up.

9. The house wren is a great annoyance¹⁰ to the woodpecker. Though a very small bird, she is very pert,¹¹ noisy, and mischievous.¹² When a woodpecker begins his house, she watches till she thinks he has made a hole deep enough to suit her purpose, and then, while he has gone to carry off his chips, the impudent¹³ thing walks in and takes possession.¹³

1 NI'ÇE-TY. Exactness, neatness.

2 İN-VEN'TİONŞ. Things invented or contrived, or found out.

3 PE-CÜL-İ-İR'I-TY. Something not common to many.

4 ÇON-STRÜC'TİON. Act of building.

5 MA-TÊ'Rİ-ÂLŞ. Substances of which any thing is made.

6 STRÜCT'VRE. Act of building, construction; also, a building.

7 ÖB-ŞER-VÂ'TİON. Act of beholding attentively; notice.

8 TÊR'Mİ-NÂTEŞ. Ends, is limited.

9 AN-NÖY'ANCE. That which vexes.

10 PÊRT. Saucy, forward.

11 MİS'CHİEV-OÜŞ. Inclined to do harm or cause trouble.

12 İM'PU-DENT. Immodest, saucy.

13 POŞ'ŞES'SİON (-zêsh'ın). State of having or holding, occupancy.

XXII. — BIRDS' NESTS, CONCLUDED.

1. I ONCE saw a very amusing contest between a woodpecker and a house wren. The wren stole a nicely-chiselled hole which the woodpecker had just made, and began to make her nest. While the wren was gone for food, the woodpecker came back, and pitched all her feathers and twigs out of doors. The wren kept up a shrill scolding about it, and as soon as the woodpecker left the hole, she carried back all the straw and feathers.

2. But the moment the wren left her stolen tenement,¹ the woodpecker tossed them all out again. Birds of various kinds and sizes gathered round to witness the quarrel, and made as loud a chattering about it as if they had called an extra session² of Congress to settle the dispute. At last the woodpecker went off to cut a hole in another tree. If the wren had known where he went, I dare say she would have followed him, and turned him out of his own house again.

3. The purple martins, for which we build such pretty little martin boxes on our barns and out-houses, are likewise much plagued³ by the bustling, scolding little wren. She quarrels with the martins, breaks up their nests while they are away from home, and takes possession herself.

4. A gentleman, who watched one of these fights, says, the martins, at last, went into the box when the wren was absent and built up the opening with clay and straw, so that she could not get in. The wren,

after fluttering round for two days, finally went off, and left the martins in peace.

5. The Baltimore oriole, or golden robin, which has black plumage⁴ mixed with orange and red, weaves a strong, cloth-like nest of flax or hemp or tow, hangs it from a forked twig, and sews it firmly with long horse-hair. They will carry off skeins of thread, and strings from the grafts of trees, to weave into their curious nests.

6. Near the top there is a hole for entrance. The inside is lined with soft substances, and finished with a neat layer of hair. One of these ingenious birds, having found an old epaulet,⁵ pulled it to pieces, and wove a nest of silver wire. The officer who wore it little thought it would ever come to such a use.

7. Some birds form their nests of a kind of cement.⁶ There are small, gray birds, in China, which build in caves near the sea-shore, and their nests are firmly glued against the rock.

8. These nests are of a substance like isinglass,⁷ supposed to be made by the birds from a glutinous⁸ kind of fish spawn⁹ that floats upon the surface of the sea. They are called edible, or eatable, birds' nests, because the Chinese eat them. They use them to thicken soup with, and are very fond of them. It seems a very comical¹⁰ idea to eat the nests of birds; but men not only derive food from this source, but also warmth. The eider-down,¹¹ with which we line cloaks and bedquilts, is plucked from the breast of a duck, and put into her nest, to keep her young warm.

9. We hope that every boy, who reads how much pains these pretty creatures take to make a safe and

comfortable home for their little ones, will resolve that he will never harm a bird's nest. To rob a bird of her nest or her eggs, is like stealing a baby in its cradle, and leaving the poor mother to grieve.¹²

1 TĒN'ĕ-MĒNT House, habitation.

2 SĒS'SIŌN. Term during which an assembly sits or does business.

3 PLĀGUED (plāgd). Teased.

4 PLŪ'MAGE. A bird's feathers.

5 ĒP'ĀU-LĒT. An ornament worn on the shoulder by military and naval officers.

CĒM'ĒNT (or cĕ-mĕnt'). A substance, as mortar, glue, &c., which is used for uniting bodies.

7 Ī'ſĪN-GLĀSS (ī'zīng-glās). A whitish substance used in cookery, made from the air-bladders, or sounds, of certain fishes.

8 GLŪ'TIX-OVS. Sticky, like glue.

9 SPĀWN. The eggs of fish, which are very small and stuck together.

10 CŌM'I-CĀL. Laughable, droll.

11 EI'DER-DŌWN. The soft, fine, light down of an elder-duck.

12 GRIĒVE. Mourn, lament.

XXIII. — THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

HEMANS.

1. OH, call my brother back to me !
I cannot play alone.
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone ?
2. The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight —
Oh, call my brother back !
3. The flowers run wild — the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping¹ with its load —
Oh, call him back to me !

4. He would not hear thy voice, fair child ;
 He may not come to thee ;
 The face that once like spring-time smiled,
 On earth no more thou 'lt² see.
5. A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given ;
 Go—thou must play alone, my boy,
 Thy brother is in heaven.
6. And has he left his birds and flowers ;
 And must I call in vain ?
 And through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again ?
7. And by the brook and in the glade
 Are all our wanderings o'er ?
 Oh, while my brother with me played,³
Would I had loved him more !

1 DRÖÖP'ING. Sinking or hanging | 2 THÖÖ 'LT. Thou wilt.
 down, as from loss of strength. | 3 PLÄYED. Sported, frolicked.

XXIV. — WRECK OF THE WHITE SHIP.

DICKENS.

1. In the year one thousand one hundred and twenty, King Henry the First of England went over to Normandy with his son, Prince William, and a great retinue,¹ to have the Prince acknowledged² as his successor³ by the Norman nobles,⁴ and to contract a marriage⁵ between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou.

2. Both these things were triumphantly^e done, with great show and rejoicing; and on the twenty-fifth of November the whole retinue prepared to embark at the port of Barfleur for the voyage home.

3. On that day, and at that place, there came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said:

“My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow,’ in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in the White Ship to England!”

4. “I am sorry, friend,” replied the King, “that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot, therefore, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the Prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown.”

5. An hour or two afterward, the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied^e by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of those ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

6. Now the Prince was a young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plough like oxen.

7. He went aboard the White Ship, with one hun-

dred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

8. "Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the Prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown! My father, the King, has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

9. "Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning, my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father, the King, if we sail at midnight!"

10. Then, the Prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the Prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the White Ship.

11. When, at last, she shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The Prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.

12. Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the King heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock — was filling — going down!

13. Fitz-Stephen hurried the Prince into a boat, with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered; "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

14. But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the Prince heard the voice of his sister, MARIE, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

15. They rowed back. As the Prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset; and in the same instant the White Ship went down.

16. Only two men floated. They both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was? He said, "I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de L'Aigle. And you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both?" and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold benumbing⁹ sea on that unfortunate November night.

17. By-and-by, another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the Prince?" said he. "Gone! Gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the King's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner,¹⁰ except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with

a ghastly¹¹ face, cried “Woe! woe to me!” and sunk to the bottom.

18. The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, “I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!” So he dropped and sunk; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat — the sole relater¹² of the dismal tale.

19. For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the King. At length, they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lost, with all on board. The King fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterward was seen to smile.

1 RĒT'ĭ-NŪE. A train of attendants.

2 ẠC-KNŌWL'ĒDĒED. Owned as true, real, or valid; declared openly.

3 SŪC-CĒS'SŌR. One who takes the place which another has left.

4 NŌ'BLE. A person of a rank, in Europe, above the common people, as a duke, an earl, &c.

5 MĀR'RĪAĒE. Legal union of a man and a woman as husband and wife.

6 TRĪ-ŪM'PHĀNT-LŶ. With triumph, exultingly.

7 PRŌW. The fore part of a ship.

8 ẠC-CŌM'PĀ-NĪED. Kept company with, went along with.

9 BĒ-NŪMB'ING (-nŭm'ing). That deprives of feeling, making torpid, numbing.

10 CŌM'MŌN-ĒR. One of the common people, a person of a rank below the nobility.

11 GHĀST'LY. Deadly pale, ghost-like.

12 RĒ-LĀT'ĒR. One who relates or tells, a narrator.

O, LET us never lightly fling
 A barb of woe to wound another!
 O, never let us haste to bring
 The cup of sorrow to a brother!

XXV.—THE PICKET GUARD.

1. "ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say;
 "Except now and then a stray picket"¹
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
2. 'Tis nothing — a private or two now and then
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer² lost — only one of the men
 Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."
3. All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents, in the rays of the clear winter moon
 Or the light of the watch-fire, gleaming.
4. A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
 Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard — for the army is sleeping.
5. There's only the sound of the lone sentry's³ tread,
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain;
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,⁴
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
6. His musket falls slack — his face dark and grim,
 Grows gentle with memories⁵ tender,
And he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
 For their mother — may Heaven defend her.

7. He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
 His footstep is lagging⁶ and weary ;
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
8. Hark ! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves ?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously⁷ flashing ?
 It looked like a rifle — “ Ha ! Mary, good-bye ! ”
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
9. All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river ;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
 The picket's off duty forever.

1 PĪCK'ET. A guard posted at some distance from an army to secure the camp from any surprise by the enemy, &c.

2 ŌF'FĪ-ČĒR. A person who has an office or public charge; any person, in an army, above the rank of a private, or common soldier.

3 SĒN'TRY. A soldier on guard.

4 TRŪN'DLE-BĒD. A low bed which is run under a higher bed in the day-time, and drawn out at night.

5 MĒM'Q-RĪĒŞ. Things remembered.

6 LĀG'ŞING. Moving slowly, as if tired out.

7 WŌN'DROUŞ-LŶ. Astonishingly.

XVI. — THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

J. ABBOTT.

[Lapstone, in the book from which this story is taken, is described as a shoemaker, who had once been a sailor. He lives in a village in New Jersey. The boys of the place are fond of hearing him tell stories of what he saw when he was a sailor. Orkney and Top are two of these boys.]

1. LAPSTONE did not forget his plan of getting a Newfoundland* dog to come and live with him, and therefore he was very much pleased when, one morn-

* New'found-lānd.

ing in the month of May, Orkney came to his shop, and told him that a man, a sort of half farmer and half fisherman, lived on the sea-coast about eight miles off, who had some young Newfoundland dogs to sell.

2. The way in which Orkney happened to hear of them was through the carpenter at whose house he lived. This carpenter had a great deal of business¹ in all the surrounding country, and he often went away from home to do work in the neighboring towns and villages.² So, when Orkney told him that Lapstone wished to buy a young Newfoundland dog, he undertook to make inquiries³ for him. In his inquiries he had heard of these, and told Orkney of them.

3. When Lapstone heard Orkney's report he said "I will go immediately and secure one of them, before they are gone. Can you get a wagon for me?"

4. "Yes, sir," said Orkney; "Top's father has a wagon that you can hire."

5. "Go and see if you can hire it," said Lapstone; "and get Top to go too. I want you to go to drive the wagon, and Top to bring the dog home. We can all three go. Top can have a seat behind, and take care of the dog, if we get one."

6. So Orkney went to Top's father to inquire about the wagon. He found that he could have it at any time. So it was all arranged⁴ that they were to have the wagon the next Saturday afternoon. Top was to go too. His father said, when the arrangement was made, that he should like to have a Newfoundland dog himself, to keep watch in his stable.

7. But I suppose the man will ask a dollar or more

for one of them," he added, "and I cannot very well afford to pay so much."

8. When the time arrived, Orkney went for the wagon, and he and Top harnessed the horse into it. Then they drove to Lapstone's door. Lapstone was already in his shop waiting for them. He had a basket to bring the dog home in. There was a cloth and a string in the basket, which were to be used to fasten the dog in.

9. "After all," said Lapstone, just before he got into the wagon, "I will not take any basket. If the little fellow is not willing to come with me of his own accord, he need not come. I will not bring him against his will." So Lapstone put the basket away, and got into the wagon without it.

10. It was a very pleasant afternoon, and the party had a charming drive. The road led along the sea-shore, and for a considerable part of the way it followed a high bank overlooking the water. The boys could see the ships and steamers passing to and fro along the coast, and here and there they came to little hamlets of fishermen's houses close to the water, with the fishing-boats drawn up before them on the beach.

11. At length they reached the place where the man lived who had the dogs. The name of the man was Damrell. As soon as they arrived in the neighborhood where Mr. Damrell lived, they inquired for his house, and were directed to a small dwelling which stood in a very pleasant situation, not far from the sea-shore, at a place where there was a little creek or inlet from the sea, which formed quite a pretty little harbor. There was a small wharf on the shore of this harbor,

not far from the house, and a sail-boat moored to it. The sail-boat was Mr. Damrell's fishing-boat.

12. The house was small, but it was very pretty, and there was quite a nice little garden on one side of it. Mr. Damrell was at work in this garden when the wagon drove up to the gate.

13. "I heard that you had some young Newfoundland dogs to sell," said Lapstone, addressing Mr. Damrell.

14. Mr. Damrell straightened⁶ himself up from his work, and surveyed⁷ Lapstone with a very sharp look.

15. "I have got a couple of little Newfoundland cubs," said he, "but it is not everybody that I am willing to sell them to."

16. "Well?" said Lapstone. "I like that. That's a sign they come of good breed. I do not think you would say that of them unless you thought much of their mother."

17. "I *do* think much of their mother," said Mr. Damrell. "Here, Dolphin!"

18. He called out the name Dolphin in a loud voice, and immediately a large and very beautiful Newfoundland dog came bounding round the corner of the house in answer to the summons. She came at once to her master, and after looking up into his face a moment, and finding that he had no commands for her, she turned towards the strangers in the wagon, and looked upon them with a countenance⁸ of a calm and quiet dignity that was quite impressive.

19. "That's the mother of the cubs I have," said Mr. Damrell, quietly; and, so saying, he went on raking the bed that he was making.

20. "She's of the right kind, Orkney," said Lapstone. "Let's get out of the wagon."

21. So Orkney and Top descended from the wagon, and, while Top held the horse, Orkney helped Lapstone to get out. As he did so, Mr. Damrell, looking up, observed that the stranger had a wooden leg.

22. "Is your name Lapstone?" said he.

23. "That's what they call me," said Lapstone.

24. The man laid down his rake, and walked out through his gate, and, advancing to Lapstone, gave him his hand.

25. "I am glad to see you, sir," said he. "I have heard of you before. I have often been to your village in my boat, and I have heard of an old sailor there of that name. And if all I have heard of you is true, — and I suppose it is so, — there will be no difficulty⁹ in our trading for one of my little Bobbies. However," he continued, "it will depend more, after all, upon what Dolphin thinks of you. If she likes you, I shall be pretty¹⁰ sure to like you too."

1 BUSINESS (biz'nēs). That which keeps one busy, employment.

2 VIL'LAGE. A small collection of houses in the country.

3 IN-QUI'RŶ. Question, search for information by asking questions.

4 AR-RĀNGED'. Put in order; *here*, determined on, settled.

5 HĀM'LET. A little cluster of houses in the country.

6 STRĀIGHT'ENED (strāt'end). Made straight, freed from crookedness.

7 SUR-VEYED' (sūr-vād'). Looked at carefully, examined by sight.

8 CÖÖN'TĒ-NANCE. The face or appearance of the face, visage.

9 DĪF'FI-CÜL-TŶ. That which renders any thing hard to be done.

10 PRETTY (prĭt'tē). In some degree, tolerably.

XXVII.—THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS, CONTINUED.

1. DOLPHIN had followed her master through the garden gate, and, while he was speaking, she seemed to be occupied in looking earnestly at the three strangers, and in smelling of their feet and knees.

2. For a moment she looked a little puzzled, not knowing exactly what to make of Lapstone's wooden leg; but presently she seemed to be satisfied; and she stood quietly by Lapstone's side, and allowed him to pat her head, while her attitude¹ and her countenance expressed confidence and good-will.

3. "She thinks well of you, shipmate," said Mr. Damrell; "and it is well she does; for, if she had not, it would have been very hard for you to get away one of her young ones; though, for that matter, she is not too fond of them now. They are well weaned, and she expects them, after this, to take care of themselves. She is too sensible a dog not to know that nature never intended that a mother and her children should always live together.

4. "However," continued Mr. Damrell, "since you ask about the breed, I will let you see a little what sort of a dog Dolphin is."

5. So saying, he turned to Dolphin, and said, in a quiet tone, "Take care of the horse, Dolphin."

6. Dolphin immediately sprang to the head of the horse, and stood there, looking up into his face with a very resolute² but a very calm and quiet air, and in an attitude which showed that she was ready to seize the

reins on the least indication of an attempt on his part to go away. The horse looked at Dolphin too, but he seemed not to be at all disturbed. Indeed, like everybody else, he appeared to regard the dog as his friend and protector, and not as an enemy.

7. "Take him to the post, Dolphin," said Mr. Damrell, quickly.

8. Dolphin immediately reached up and took hold of the horse's bridle. She was so large and tall that she could do this very easily. She then began to lead the horse along towards a post which stood in the corner of the yard. The horse yielded³ at once, and allowed himself to be led. As soon as they reached the post, Dolphin stopped, and looked towards her master as if awaiting further orders.

9. "Now, my boy," said Mr. Damrell, turning to Orkney, "fasten the horse, and then we shall be at liberty."

10. Dolphin stood by, watching carefully until she saw that the horse was secured. She then seemed to feel released⁴ from that duty, and turned towards her master again.

11. "Dolphin," said Mr. Damrell, "I am going —"

12. Mr. Damrell spoke these words very deliberately,⁵ and then paused and hesitated, as if he had not quite decided where he was going. Dolphin looked very intently into her master's face, and wagged her tail. She was awaiting the conclusion⁶ of the sentence.

13. "To take a sail in the boat," said Mr. Damrell. "Go and get the keys."

14. The moment that Dolphin heard the word *boat* she seemed wild with delight. She leaped about joy-

ously, and by the time that Mr. Damrell had finished the sentence, she was bounding away towards a back-door of the house. In a moment more she was seen coming out from the door with two keys attached to a wooden label in her mouth. With these she ran eagerly down to the water. Mr. Damrell and his party of visitors followed.

15. The boat was fastened to the wharf by a chain and padlock. There was also a painter,⁷ with a loop in the outer end of it. This loop passed over the top of a short post on the corner of the wharf, so that the boat was thus held by a double fastening.

16. Dolphin dropped the keys near the padlock, and then, while Mr. Damrell was unlocking the lock, she took her place by the post where the loop of the painter passed over it. Mr. Damrell then invited his visitors to get into the boat, and he followed them in. He gave Lapstone an honorable seat near the stern.

17. The boat was small, but it had a mast and a sail. Mr. Damrell began undoing the sail. Dolphin all the time remained by the line.

18. "Shall I go ashore, sir," said Orkney, "to cast off?"

19. "No," replied Mr. Damrell, "Dolphin will cast off; but you may stand by to take the painter in."

20. Accordingly, as soon as Mr. Damrell had got the sails untied, and was ready to go, he said, "Cast off, Dolphin!"

21. Dolphin immediately took the loop of the painter up in her mouth, lifted it over the post, and let it fall alongside of the boat. Orkney, who, in the mean time, had stationed himself at the bows, drew it in, and coiled it up neatly.

22. As soon as Dolphin had cast off the line, she leaped on board the boat herself, and came and took her station near the helm, close by her master's usual seat.

23. Mr. Damrell, after setting his sail, came to the stern and took the helm. There was a gentle breeze blowing; the sail filled, and the boat began slowly to move away from the wharf.

24. All this time Mr. Damrell seemed to pay no attention to Dolphin, but went on talking with Lapstone about the town where Lapstone lived, and the voyages that he had made in former years, and the different ports which he had visited when he was a sea-faring man. While this conversation was pending, Dolphin came to Lapstone's side again, and after smelling his knees and looking up earnestly in his face awhile, she laid her chin on his sound knee in quite an affectionate^s manner.

25. "She thinks you are the right sort of man," said Mr. Damrell; "that is very plain."

26. Dolphin seemed also to take quite a fancy both to Orkney and Top. She came occasionally towards the part of the boat where they were, and allowed them to pat her head and caress her in other ways. Indeed, she not only allowed these freedoms, but she seemed to be quite pleased with them. The boys thought she was a dog of a remarkably excellent disposition.

1 ÄT'TI-TÜDE. Position of the body, posture.

2 RĚŠ'Q-LŪTE. Determined, firm.

3 YĪELD'ĒD. Gave up, submitted.

4 RĚ-LĒASED'. Set free, let go.

5 DĚ-LĪB'ĒR-ÄTE-LŪ. Slowly as if well-considered.

6 CON-CLŪ'SIŌN. End, termination, also, final result.

7 FÄIN'TĒR. A rope at the bow of a boat, used to make her fast to any thing.

8 ÄF-FĒCTIŌN-ÄTE. Having or showing warm regard, tender, loving.

XXVIII.—THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS,
CONCLUDED.

1. At length the boat began to draw near to the shore of a creek on one side, and Mr. Damrell said, "Come, Dolphin, I think we'll go about."

2. So Dolphin came to the stern again. Mr. Damrell put the helm hard down, and gave the tiller¹ to Dolphin to hold.

3. "Keep her about so," said he.

4. Dolphin put her paws upon the tiller, and held it in the position in which her master had placed it, while Mr. Damrell himself went forward to attend to the sail.

5. As soon as the sail had filled, and the boat began to fall off on the other tack, Mr. Damrell called out, "Steady!" when Dolphin immediately relaxed her pressure² upon the tiller, and allowed it to swing back amidships³ again.

6. "A man-o'-war's-man could not have done it better," said Lapstone.

7. The party sailed about in this way for some time, and the more Lapstone and the boys saw, the more they were pleased with the sagacity⁴ and intelligence that Dolphin manifested.⁵ At length the boat returned to the wharf.

8. "Bear a hand, Dolphin," said Mr. Damrell, "to go ashore with the painter."

9. So Dolphin took her station on the bows of the boat with the end of the painter in her mouth. As soon as the bows were near enough to the wharf, she leaped ashore, and there held on firmly, while Mr.

Damrell took in the sail and made ready to land. When all was ready, the whole party disembarked; and Mr. Damrell, after locking the boat, gave Dolphin the keys, and they all proceeded towards the house. Dolphin ran before with the keys in her mouth.

10. "I have made up my mind," said Mr. Damrell, "that if you like my dogs when you see them, you may have either or both of them. The price is a dollar and a half apiece."

11. "Very well," said Lapstone; "where are they? I want to see them."

12. "They are in my barn," said Mr. Damrell. "They are getting big enough to go out by themselves, and I let them out sometimes, but they are shut up now."

13. So saying, Mr. Damrell led the way to a small barn which stood in the back part of his premises,⁶ and opened the door, which was fastened by a hasp⁷ and a fid.⁸ On entering the barn, the two young dogs came running to meet their master, and they leaped and capered about him with many expressions of joy.

14. One of the dogs was perfectly black, except a white ring about his neck. The other had both forefeet white.

15. "Are they named?" asked Orkney.

16. "No," replied Mr. Damrell, "they are not regularly named. Our folks call them Whitefoot and Ring, just to distinguish them; but you can name them any thing you please. Which one do you like the best?"

17. "I think Whitefoot is rather the prettiest," said Top.

18. "They are both very pretty," said Orkney.

19. "Yes," said Lapstone, "there is very little choice between them. I think that instead of choosing one of them myself, I shall see which of them will prefer me."

20. "That's a good plan," said Orkney.

21. Accordingly, after playing with the dogs a little while, so as to get them both somewhat acquainted with him, Lapstone put them both down in one of the stalls, and went himself to a little distance from them across the floor.

22. "Now, boys," said he, "do you go off to one side. I'm going to call the dogs to me. The one that gets to me first is the one that I will have."

23. So the boys went off to one side, and Lapstone called the dogs to come to him. They immediately came out of the stall, and began rambling about in a somewhat uncertain manner for a few minutes, gradually, however, approaching Lapstone. At length Whitefoot, catching a glimpse of the two boys at the door, ran off towards them, while Ring ran directly to Lapstone.

24. Lapstone caught him up in his arms saying, "This is my dog. It is all settled."

25. Top caught up Whitefoot also, saying at the same time, "And this is my dog. Now, Uncle Lapstone, I wish you would buy this one too, for me, and I will work for you in your garden all summer, till you say I have done enough to pay for him."

26. "Ah! but how do I know that your father would be willing that you should have a dog!" said Lapstone. "Perhaps he would not like to have him at the house."

27. "Why, he said that he should like one very much," replied Top, "only he could not afford to buy one."

28. "Well, but then there is another difficulty," continued Lapstone. "There's Orkney. If either of you is to have the dog, it ought to be Orkney, for he is the oldest."

29. "No, sir," said Orkney, "I don't care about having him myself, for I am thinking a little of going away to school. If you could buy him for Top, I should like it very much. I could have an interest in him, and Top lives so near our house that that will do just as well."

30. "Very well," said Lapstone; "then it is all settled. We will take both the dogs."

31. So Lapstone paid Mr. Damrell the three dollars, and they took both the dogs and carried them home in the wagon. Top sat behind and carried Whitefoot, while Lapstone took Ring in his arms in front.

32. After this, Lapstone continued to live in peace and prosperity a long time in his house in the village, and he told the boys a great many stories which there is not space for here. The dog grew fast, and in process of time he became very large. He grew to be a very beautiful dog too, and as he was very intelligent and sagacious, Lapstone taught him a great variety of curious things. Top's dog, too, grew up to be as fine an animal as Lapstone's. When they had got their growth, among other things, Lapstone taught them both to draw in harness.

33. He made a very handsome double harness for them of leather, and Orkney made a very neat and

pretty wagon, in the carpenter's shop. The wagon was of good size too, and was very strong. The dogs could draw this wagon about the village, with two boys in it, very easily, and an excellent span they made.

1 TILL'ER. A piece of wood or a bar which turns the rudder by which a boat is steered.

2 PRÉSS'URE. Act of pressing, force acting against any thing.

3 A-MID'SHIPS. In the middle of a ship, or so as to be in a line with the stern and the centre of a ship.

4 SH-GĀQ'Y-ŦY. Quick discernment.

5 MĀN'I-FĒST-ĒD. Showed plainly.

6 PRĒM'IS-ĒS. A piece of land and the buildings on it, an estate.

7 HĀSP. A clasp that passes over a staple.

8 FID. The pin that goes into a staple.

9 AC-QUĀINT'ĒD. Knowing familiarly, having personal knowledge.

XXIX. — LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG.

SPENCER.

1. THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach,¹ and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.
2. And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer ;
“ Come, Gelert !* why art thou the last,
Llewellyn's horn to hear ?
3. “ O, where does faithful Gelert roam ?
The flower of all his race !
So true, so brave — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase !”

* Gē'ſert.

4. That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.
5. Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,²
When near the portal³ seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.
6. But when he gained the castle⁴ door,
Aghast⁵ the chieftan⁶ stood :
The hound was smeared with drops of gore ;
His lips and fangs ran blood.
7. Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet ;
His favorite checked his joyful guise,⁷
And crouched and licked his feet.
8. Onward in haste Llewellyn passed,
(And on went Gelert too ;)
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood drops shocked his view.
9. O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained cover rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.⁸
10. He called his child — no voice replied ;
He searched — with terror wild ;

Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child !

11. " Monster, by thee my child's devoured !"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.
12. His suppliant,⁹ as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;¹⁰
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.
13. Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh :
What words the parent's joy can tell
To hear his infant cry !
14. Concealed beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had missed :
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed.
15. Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread ;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead —
Tremendous¹¹ still in death.
16. Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain ?
For now the truth was clear ;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

17. Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe —
 "Best of thy kind, adieu!
 The frantic deed which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue."¹²

18. And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture¹³ decked;
 And marbles, storied¹⁴ with his praise,
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

19. Here never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester,¹⁵ unmoved;
 Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

20. And here he hung his horn and spear;
 And oft, as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell.

1 BRĀEH (brāk). A female hound.

2 HĪED. Went in haste, hastened.

3 PÖR'TAL. A gate or a gate-way.

4 CĀS'TLE (kās'sl). A strongly fortified mansion.

5 A-GHĀST'. Struck with horror.

6 CHIĒF'TAIN. The head or leader of an army, troop, or clan; a chief.

7 GUĪSE (ģiz). Manner, behavior.

8 BĒ-SPRĒNT'. Sprinkled over.

9 SŪP'PLĪ-ANT. One who entreats, or begs humbly, a suppliant.

10 [M-PĀRT'. Give to another as a partaker, communicate.

11 TRE-MĒN'DOUS. That causes the trembling of fear, dreadful.

12 RŪE. Grieve for, regret.

13 SCŪLPT'ŪRE. Carved work, a carved image or statue.

14 STÖ'RJED. Furnished with a story or narrative, or with stories.

15 FÖR'ĒST-ĒR. An officer who has the care of, or watches in, a forest; also, one who lives in a forest.

XXX.—GESLER AND WILLIAM TELL.

1. MORE than five hundred years ago, the country of Switzerland was under the Austrian government, and the people were treated little better than slaves. They were made to pay very heavy taxes, and to perform the most menial¹ offices, while the Austrians lived upon the fruits of their labor, and governed them as with a rod of iron.

2. One of the Austrian governors, of the name of Gesler* was a very great tyrant, and did all he could to break the spirit of the Swiss people; but it was with little success. They were fond of liberty, and were ready to make any sacrifice² to obtain the blessings of freedom.

3. Gesler went so far in his tyranny,³ as to command his hat to be placed on a high pole in the market-place, and ordered that every Swiss who passed it should bow to it. The poor Swiss people did not like this; but they were afraid to disobey the order, as they knew that imprisonment⁴ or death would be the consequence of their disobedience.⁵

4. There was, however, one noble-minded man who was afraid neither of imprisonment nor death, and who refused to bow to Gesler's hat. His name was William Tell. He not only refused to bow to the hat, but incited his countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

5. He was soon seized, and brought into the presence of the tyrant. William Tell was a famous bowman, and had his bow and arrows upon his person when

*Geesler.

he was seized. Gesler told him that he had forfeited⁶ his life, but proposed that he should exhibit a specimen of his skill as an archer, promising, that, if he could hit an apple at a certain distance, he should be free.

6. Tell was glad to hear this, and began to have a better opinion of the governor than he deserved; but the cruel tyrant called forward Tell's only son, a young boy, and placed the apple on his head, bidding his father shoot it off.

7. When Tell saw this, he nearly fainted, and his hand trembled so much that he could scarcely place the arrow in the string. There was, however, no alternative:⁷ he must attempt the feat or die; but that which unnerved his arm was the fear that his skill might fail him, and that he might kill his only son.

8. His child, seeing his father's distress, sought to console him. "I am sure you will not hit me, father," said he. "I have seen you strike a bird on the wing at a great distance, and I will stand quite still."

9. The ground was now measured, and the boy was placed against the tree. It is impossible to understand what the unfortunate⁸ Tell felt as he prepared to shoot. Twice he levelled his arrow, but dropped it again. His eyes were so blinded by his tears, that he could scarcely see the apple. At length, he summoned up all his courage,⁹ he dashed the tears from his eyes, and bent his bow. Away went the arrow, and, piercing the apple, cut it in two, and imbedded itself in the tree!

10. The spectators, who had been breathlessly watching the result, shouted and applauded.¹⁰ Tell was taken to Gesler, who was about to set him free, when he observed another arrow sticking under his girdle.

“Ha!” said he, “another arrow! Why that concealed weapon?”

11. “It was destined for *you*,” replied Tell, “If I had killed my son.”

12. For this daring threat, Tell was again seized by the tyrant’s soldiers, and was hurried away to be put to death. But being a strong and resolute man, he made his escape, and, fleeing into the mountains, incited the people to throw off the tyrant’s yoke. They accordingly took up arms, and made Tell their leader.

13. Not long after, Tell was again captured, and put into a boat with Gesler and his men, to be carried across one of the lakes. A violent storm arose, and Gesler, knowing that Tell was a bold and expert sailor, ordered his men to release him from his chains, that he might guide the boat safely through the storm.

14. No sooner did Tell take the command, than he steered the boat toward the shore. As soon as it reached the rock, he leaped out, before any one else could land, and, snatching a concealed arrow from his person, took aim at the tyrant, and shot him dead where he sat. After this Tell roused the people again. After a long war they gained their freedom, and Switzerland is a free country to this day.

1 ME'NI-AL. That pertains to servants, servile, mean.

2 SAC'RIFICE (-fiz). A giving up or loss of something valuable for the sake of something else, an act of great self-denial.

3 TYR'AN-NY. The sway of a tyrant, despotic or cruel rule.

4 IM-PRIS'ON-MENT (-priz'zn-) Act of putting into a prison, or the state of being in a prison.

5 DIS-O-BE'DI-ENCE. Neglect or refusal to obey.

6 FÖR'FEIT-ED. Lost by some fault or offence.

7 AL-TÉR'NA-TIVE. A choice of two things.

8 UN-FÖRT'U-NATE. Unlucky, unhappy.

9 COUR'AGE. Bravery, boldness.

10 AP-PLAUD'ED. Praised by clapping the hands, shouting, &c.

XXXI. — A TYRANT'S GRATITUDE.

KNOWLES.

PERSONS:—GESLER, the Tyrant. ALBERT TELL.

Scene.—*A mountain with mist. Gesler descending the mountain with a hunting-pole.*

Ges. ALONE, alone ! and every step the mist
Thickens around me ! On these mountain tracks
To lose one's way, they say, is sometimes death.
What, ho ! holloa ! — No tongue replies to me !
I dare not stop — the day, though not half run,
Is not less sure to end his course ; and night,
Soon will come wrapped in most appalling' fear !

I dare not stop, nor dare I yet proceed,
Begirt' with hidden danger. If I take
This hand, it carries me still deeper into
The wild and savage solitudes I'd shun,
Where once to faint with hunger is to die :
If this, it leads me to the precipice,
Whose brink with fatal horror rivets' him
That treads upon't, till, drunk with fear, he reels
Into the gaping void, and headlong down
Plunges to still more hideous' death ! Ho ! Holloa !

My voice sounds weaker to mine ear ; I've not
The strength to call I had ; and through my limbs
Cold tremor' runs, and sickening faintness seizes
On my heart ! O, heaven, have mercy on me !

[He leans against a rock, stupefied with terror and exhaustion—it grows darker and darker—the rain pours down in torrents, and a furious wind arises—the mountain streams begin to swell and roar. Albert is seen descending by the side of one of the streams, which, in his course, he crosses with the help of his pole.]

Alb. I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind
Will let me. Ha ! a rock to shelter me !
Thanks to it. A man, and fainting ! Courage,
friend !
Courage ! A stranger that has lost his way ! —
Take heart — take heart : you're safe. How feel
you now ? [Gives him water from a flask.]

Ges. Better.

Alb. You've lost your way upon the hill ?

Ges. I have.

Alb. And whither would you go ?

Ges. To Altorf.

Alb. I'll guide you thither.

Ges. You're a child.

Alb. I know

The way : the track I've come is harder far
To find.

Ges. The track you've come ! What mean you ? Sure
You have not been still farther in the mountains ?

Alb. I've travelled from Mount Faigel.

Ges. No one with thee ?

Alb. No one but God.

Ges. Do you not fear these storms ?

Alb. God's in the storm.

Ges. And there are torrents, ' too,
That must be crossed.

Alb. God's by the torrent, too.

Ges. You're but a child.

Alb. God will be with a child.

Ges. You're sure you know the way ?

Alb. 'Tis but to keep
The side of yonder stream.

Ges. But guide me safe,
I'll give thee gold.

Alb. I'll guide thee safe without.

Ges. Here's earnest^s for thee. [Offers gold.] Here—
I'll double that,

Yea, treble it, but let me see the gate
Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold?
Take it.

Alb. No.

Ges. You shall.

Alb. I will not.

Ges. Why?

Alb. Because

I do not covet^s it; and, though I did,
It would be wrong to take it as the price
Of doing one a kindness.

Ges. Ha!—who taught
Thee that?

Alb. My father.

Ges. Does he live in Altorf?

Alb. No, in the mountains.

Ges. How!—a mountaineer?¹⁰

He should become a tenant of the city;
He'd gain by it.

Alb. Not so much as he might lose by it.

Ges. What might he lose by it?

Alb. Liberty.

Ges. Indeed!

He also taught thee that?

Alb. He did.

Ges. His name?

Alb. This is the way to Altorf, sir.

Ges. I'd know
Thy father's name.

Alb. The day is wasting — we
Have far to go.

Ges. Thy father's name, I say?

Alb. I will not tell it thee.

Ges. Not tell it me!

Why?

Alb. You may be an enemy of his.

Ges. May be a friend.

Alb. May be; but should you be
An enemy, although I would not tell you
My father's name, I'd guide you safe to Altorf.
Will you follow me?

Ges. Ne'er mind thy father's name;
What would it profit me to know it? Thy hand!
We are not enemies.

Alb. I never had
An enemy.

Ges. Lead on.

Alb. Advance your staff
As you descend,¹¹ and fix it well. Come on.

Ges. What, must we take that steep?

Alb. 'Tis nothing. Come,
I'll go before — ne'er fear. Come on — come on!

1 AP-PÄLL'ING. That appalls or
smites with terror.

2 BẺ-GYRT'. Surrounded.

3 RIV'ETS. Fastens firmly as if by
iron bolts.

4 HÍD'Ē-OUS. Horrible, dreadful.

5 TRĒ'MOR. A trembling.

6 STÜ'PẺ-FIED. Struck senseless.

7 TÖR'RĒNT. Rapid stream.

8 ĒAR'NĒST. Part of the price or
wages given in pledge that the
rest will be duly paid.

9 CÖV'ET. Desire eagerly, long for.

10 MÖÖN-TAIN-ĒER'. One who lives
on a mountain.

11 DẺ-SCĒND'. Go down.

XXXII.—A TYRANT'S GRATITUDE, CONCLUDED

Scene. — The Gate of Altorf. Enter Gesler and Albert.

Alb. You'RE at the gate of Altorf.

Ges. Tarry,¹ boy !

Alb. I would be gone ; I'm waited for.

Ges. Come back !

Who waits for thee ? Come, tell me ; I am rich
And powerful, and can reward.

Alb. 'Tis close

On evening ; I have far to go ! I'm late.

Ges. Stay, I can punish, too.

Alb. I might have left you,
When on the hill I found you fainting, and
The mist around you ; but I stopped and cheered you,
Till to yourself you came again. I offered²
To guide you, when you could not find the way,
And I have brought you to the gate of Altorf.

Ges. Boy, do you know me ?

Alb. No.

Ges. Why fear you, then,
To trust me with your father's name ? — Speak.

Alb. Why
Do you desire to know it ?

Ges. You have served me,
And I would thank him, if I chanced to pass
His dwelling.

Alb. 'T would not please him that a service
So trifling should be made so much of !

Ges. Trifling !
You've saved my life.

Alb. Then do not question me,
But let me go.

Ges. When I have learned from thee
Thy father's name. What, ho! [*Knocks at the gate.*]

Sentinel. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Ges. Gesler! [*The gate is opened.*]

Alb. Ha, Gesler!

Ges. [*To soldiers.*] Seize him! Wilt thou tell me
Thy father's name?

Alb. No!

Ges. I can bid them cast thee
Into a dungeon.³ Wilt thou tell it now?

Alb. No!

Ges. I can bid them strangle thee! Wilt tell it?

Alb. Never!

Ges. Away with him!

[*Soldiers take off Albert through the gate.*]

Behind that boy I see the shadow of
A hand must wear my fetters,⁴ or 't will try
To strip me of my power. I have felt to-day
What 'tis to live at others' mercy. I
Have tasted fear to very sickness, and
Owed to a peasant boy my safety — ay,
My life! and there does live the slave can say
Gesler's his debtor!⁵

How I loathed the free
And fearless air with which he trod the hill?
Yea, though the safety of his steps was mine,
Oft as our path did brink the precipice,*
I wished to see him miss his footing, and

* *Brink the precipice.* Lead along the brink or edge of the precipice.

Roll over ! But he's in my power ! — Some way
 To find the parent nest of this fine eaglet,⁶
 And harrow⁷ it ! I'd like to clip the broad
 And full-grown wing that taught his tender pinion⁸
 So bold a flight !

1 TĀR'RY. Stay, wait.

2 ŌFFERED. Proffered, tendered.

3 DŪN'QEON. A strong, close, dark
 prison, or room in a prison.

4 FĒT'FĒS. Chains for a prisoner.

5 DĒBT'QR. One who owes.

6 ĒA'GLEŦ (ǝ-). A young eagle.

7 HĀR'RŌW. Lay waste, ravage; also,
 break or tear as with a harrow.

8 PĪN'IQŦ (-yn). The joint of a
 bird's wing remotest from the
 body; also, a wing.

XXXIII. — ONWARD ! ONWARD !

J. HAGAN.

1. ALL is action, all is motion
 In this mighty world of ours !
 Like the current of the ocean,
 Man is urged by unseen powers.
2. Duty points with outstretched¹ fingers
 Every soul to action high ;
 Woe betide² the soul that lingers —
 Onward ! onward ! is the cry.
3. Onward, onward, onward, ever !
 Human³ progress none may stay ;
 All who make the vain endeavor,
 Shall like chaff be swept away.

1 ŌT-STRETCHED' (-strēcht). Stretch-
 ed out, extended.

2 BĒ-TĪDE'. Happen to, befall.

3 HŪ'MAN. Relating to mankind.



XXXIV.—THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE,

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. OLD IRONSIDES * at anchor¹ lay
 In the harbor of Mahon ; †
 A dead calm rested on the bay, —
 The waves to sleep had gone ;

*The United States frigate Constitution.

†Mahon (pronounced *Mə hōn*) is a port in the Mediterranean Sea.

When little Hal, the Captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck² stood !

2. A shudder shot through every vein, —
All eyes were turned on high !
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky ;
No hold had he above, below, —
Alone he stood in air ;
To that far height none dared to go, —
No aid could reach him there.
3. We gazed, but not a man could speak ;
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere³ grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid⁴ hue,
As riveted⁵ unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.
4. The father came on deck ; — he gasped,
“ O God ! thy will be done ! ”
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
“ Jump, far out, boy, into the wave ?
Jump, or I fire,” he said ;
“ That only chance your life can save ;
Jump, jump, boy ! ” He obeyed.

5. He sank, — he rose, — he lived, — he moved, —
 And for the ship struck out.
 On board we hailed the lad beloved,
 With many a manly shout.
 His father drew, in silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,
 And folded to his heart his boy, —
Then fainted on the deck.

1 AN'SHOR. An iron instrument for holding a ship or other floating body at rest in water.

2 MĀIN TRÜCK. A small wooden cap at the top of the main-mast.

3 ĀT'MOS-PHĒRE. The air which surrounds the earth.

4 LŪ'RID. Of a pale dull color.

5 RIV'ET-ȚD. Fastened with, or as with, a rivet or iron bolt.

XXXV. — ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD.

1. In the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known among his school-fellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. Ben was born in 1706; so that he was now about ten years old. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap boiler and tallow chandler, and resided in Milk Street, not far from the Old South Church.

2. Ben was a bright boy at his book, and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades.¹ He had some remarkable qualities, which always seemed to give him the lead, whether at sport or in more serious matters. I might tell you a number of amusing anecdotes² about him. You are acquainted, I suppose, with his famous story of the WHISTLE, and how he bought it

with a whole pocket full of coppers, and afterwards repented of his bargain. But Ben had grown a great boy since those days, and had gained wisdom by experience ; for it was one of his peculiarities, that no incident³ ever happened to him without teaching him some valuable lesson.

3. Ben's face was already pretty well known to the inhabitants of Boston. The selectmen⁴ and other people of note often used to visit his father, for the sake of talking about the affairs of the town or province. Mr. Franklin was considered a person of great wisdom and integrity,⁵ and was respected by all who knew him, although he supported his family by the humble trade of boiling soap and making tallow candles.

4. While his father and the visitors were holding deep consultations about public affairs, little Ben would sit on his stool in a corner, listening with the greatest interest, as if he understood every word. Indeed, his features were so full of intelligence that there could be but little doubt, not only that he understood what was said, but that he could have expressed some very sagacious opinions out of his own mind. But in those days boys were expected to be silent in the presence of their elders. However, Ben Franklin was looked upon as a very promising lad, who would talk and act wisely by-and-by.

5. "Neighbor Franklin," his father's friends would sometimes say, "you ought to send this boy to college, and make a minister of him."

6. "I have often thought of it," his father would reply ; "and my brother Benjamin promises to give him a great many volumes of manuscript⁶ sermons, in case

he should be educated for the church. But I have a large family to support, and cannot afford the expense."

7. In fact, Mr. Franklin found it so difficult to provide bread for his family, that, when the boy was ten years old, it became necessary to take him from school. Ben was then employed in cutting candle-wicks into equal lengths, and filling the moulds with tallow; and many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which he had helped to make.

8. Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former school-fellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent many of their leisure hours on the margin of the mill-pond, catching flounders, perch, eels, and tomcod, which came up thither with the tide. The place where they fished is now, probably, covered with stone pavements⁷ and brick buildings, and thronged with people and with vehicles⁸ of all kinds. But at that period it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead, and salt meadow grass grew under foot.

9. On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

10. "This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing mid-leg deep in the quagmire.

11. "So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

12. Nothing more would have been done or said

about the matter by the other boys. But it was not in Ben's nature to be sensible of an inconvenience^o without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So, as he and his comrades were returning from the water-side, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air.

13. "Boys," cried he, I have thought of a scheme which will be greatly for our benefit and for the public benefit."

14. It was queer enough, to be sure, to hear this little fellow — this rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old boy — talking about schemes for the public benefit! Nevertheless, his companions were ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention. They remembered how sagaciously he had conducted all their enterprises.

15. They remembered, too, his wonderful contrivance of sailing across the mill-pond by lying flat on his back in the water and allowing himself to be drawn along by a paper kite. If Ben could do that, he might certainly do any thing.

16. "What is your scheme, Ben? — what is it?" cried they all.

17. It so happened that they had now come to a spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered round about lay a great many large stones, which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

18. "You know, lads," said he, "what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder — over shoes and stockings (if we wear any) in mud and

water. Unless we can find some remedy for this evil, our fishing business must be entirely given up. And, surely, this would be a terrible misfortune!"

19. "That it would! that it would!" said his comrades, sorrowfully.

20. "Now, I propose," continued master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf,"¹⁰ for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning of a house; but that would be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to take these same stones and carry them to the edge of the water, and build a wharf with them. This will not only enable us to carry on the fishing business with comfort and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty, or a hundred, besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, boys? Shall we build the wharf?"

21. Ben's proposal was received with one of those uproarious shouts wherewith boys usually express their delight at whatever just suits them. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

22. "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted they. "Let's set about it."

23. It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the whole gang of youthful laborers assembled, and eagerly began to remove the stones. They had not calculated how much toil would be requisite in this important part of their undertaking. The very first stone which they

laid hold of proved so heavy that it almost seemed to be fastened to the ground. Nothing but Ben's cheerful and resolute spirit could have induced them to persevere.

24. Ben, as might be expected, was the soul of the enterprise. By his mechanical¹¹ genius, he contrived methods to lighten the labor of transporting¹² the stones, so that one boy, under his directions, would perform as much as half-a-dozen if left to themselves. Whenever their spirits flagged, he had some joke ready, which seemed to renew their strength, by setting them all into a roar of laughter.

25. The boys, like a colony of ants, performed a great deal of labor by their multitude, though the individual strength of each could have accomplished but little. Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon,¹³ the great work was finished.

26. "Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

27. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades. Then they all went home in such an ecstasy¹⁴ that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

1 CŌM/RĀDEŞ. Companions.

2 ĂN'EC-DŌTE. A short story of personal history.

3 ȚN'CI-DĒNT. That which happens, an event, an occurrence.

4 SĖ-LĒCT'MĒN. Certain officers who manage the affairs of a town.

5 ȚN'TĒG'RȚ-TȚ. Honesty, uprightness, rectitude.

6 MĂN'Ů-SCRIPT. Written.

7 PĀVE'MENT. A floor of stones, or other solid materials used as a walk or road, a paved floor.

8 VĚ'HȚ-CE. That in which any

thing is carried, as a wagon, a sleigh, &c.

9 ȚN-CŌN-VĒN'ȚENCE. That which annoys or gives trouble.

10 WHĀRF. A firm landing-place built by the side of water or into it.

11 MĖ-ŞHĂN'Ț-CĀL. Relating to machines, or to the laws of matter and motion.

12 TRĀNS-FŌRT'ING. Carrying, conveying.

13 HŲ-BȚ'ZŌN. The circular line which bounds the view.

14 ŒŲ-STĀ-SȚ. Excessive joy.

XXXVI.—ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD,
CONCLUDED.

1. IN the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town, and gilding the waters that surrounded it, the masons, rubbing their eyes, came to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But, on reaching the spot, they rubbed their eyes so much the harder. What had become of their heap of stones?

2. "Why, Sam," said one to another, in great perplexity,¹ "here's been some witchcraft at work while we were asleep. The stones must have flown away through the air."

3. "More likely they have been stolen," answered Sam.

4. "But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

5. The master mason, who was a gruff kind of man, stood scratching his head, and said nothing at first. But, looking carefully on the ground, he discerned² innumerable tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path towards the water-side.

6. "Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "Those little rascals, the boys,—they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with."

7. The masons immediately went to examine the new structure. And to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly and with such admirable skill had

it been planned and finished. The stones were put together so securely that there was no danger of their being loosened by the tide, however swiftly it might sweep along. There was a broad and safe platform to stand upon, whence the little fishermen might cast their lines into deep water and draw up fish in abundance. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Ben and his comrades might be forgiven for taking the stones, because they had done their job in such a workmanlike manner

8. "The boys that built this wharf understood their business pretty well," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself."

9. But the master mason did not seem to enjoy the joke. He was one of those people who care a great deal more for their own rights and privileges⁷ than for the convenience of all the rest of the world.

10. "Sam," said he, more gruffly than usual, "go call a constable."

11. So Sam called a constable, and inquiries were set on foot to discover the perpetrators⁴ of the theft. In the course of the day warrants⁵ were issued, with the signature⁶ of a justice of the peace, to take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil-disposed persons who had stolen a heap of stones. If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and, moreover, was amused with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off pretty easily.

12. But, when they were set at liberty, the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive

sentence, and suffer execution, too, from their own fathers. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was put in use on that unlucky night.

13. As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapprobation.⁷ Mr. Franklin, as I have mentioned before, was a sagacious man, and also an inflexibly upright one. He had read much for a person in his rank of life, and had pondered upon the ways of the world until he had gained more wisdom than a whole library of books could have taught him. Ben had a greater reverence for his father than for any other person in the world, as well on account of his spotless integrity as of his practical sense and deep views of things.

14. Consequently, after being released from the clutches of the law, Ben came into his father's presence with no small perturbation⁸ of mind.

15. "Benjamin, come hither," began Mr. Franklin, in his customary solemn and weighty tone.

16. The boy approached and stood before his father's chair, waiting reverently to hear what judgment this good man would pass upon his late offence. He felt that now the right and wrong of the whole matter would be made to appear.

17. "Benjamin," said his father, "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

18. "Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the

stones should build a house with them, nobody would enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

19. "My son," said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones."

20. "How can that be, father?" asked Ben.

21. "Because," answered his father, "in building your wharf with stolen materials, you have committed a moral wrong. There is no more terrible mistake than to violate what is eternally right for the sake of a seeming expediency.⁹ Those who act upon such a principle do the utmost in their power to destroy all that is good in the world."

22. "Heaven forbid!" said Benjamin.

23. "No act," continued Mr. Franklin, "can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally which involves injustice to any individual. It would be easy to prove this by examples. But, indeed, can we suppose that our all-wise and just Creator would have so ordered the affairs of the world that a wrong act should be the true method of attaining¹⁰ a right end? It is impious¹¹ to think so. And I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth—that evil can produce only evil—that good ends must be wrought out by good means."

24. "I will never forget it again," said Benjamin, bowing his head.

25. "Remember," concluded his father, "that when-

ever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for the moment; but, both in time and in eternity, it will be found so."

26. To the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father; and we have reason to suppose, that, in most of his public and private career,¹⁸ he endeavored to act upon the principles which that good and wise man had then taught him.

1 PĒR-PLĒX'Ī-TŲ. State of being puzzled or confused.

2 DĪS-CĒRNĒD' (dīs-zĕrnd'). Saw.

3 PRĪV'Ī-LĒQ-ĒS. Peculiar advantages, benefits, or rights

4 PĒR'PĒ-TRĀ-TŌR. One who commits an offence.

5 WAE'RĀNT (wŏr-). A printed or written paper authorizing an officer to arrest a person named, or to take certain property.

6 SĪG'NĀ-TŪRE. The name of a person written by himself.

7 DĪS-ĀP-PRŌ-BĀ'TĪŌN. Act of censuring, a condemning.

8 PĒR-TŲR-BĀ'TĪŌN. Disquiet, agitation of mind.

9 ĒX-PĒ'DĪ-ĒN-CŲ. Fitness to effect some good or desired end.

10 ĀT-TĀIN'ĪNG. Gaining, reaching.

11 ĪM'PĪ-OŪS. Wicked, profane.

12 CĀ-REĒR'. Course of action.

XXXVII. — GENTLE WORDS.

C. D. STUART.

1. A YOUNG rose in the summer-time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Or stars that ever shone!

2. The sun may warm the grass to life,
 The dew the drooping flower,
 And eyes grow bright that watch the light
 Of autumn's opening hour ;
 But words that breathe of tenderness,¹
 And hearts we know are true,
 Are warmer than the summer-time,
 And brighter than the dew.

3. It is not much the world can give,
 With all its subtle² art,
 And gold and gems are not the things
 To satisfy the heart ;
 But O, if those who cluster round
 The altar and the hearth,
 Have gentle words and loving smiles,
 How beautiful is earth !

¹ TĒN'DĚR-NĒSS. Gentleness, kindness, affection.

² SŪB'TLE (sūt'tl). Cunning, crafty, artful, wily.

XXXVIII.—LAKE AND RIVER.

H. F. GOULD.

Lake. River, why dost thou go by,
 Sounding, rushing, sweeping?

River. Lake, why dost thou ever lie,
 Listless,¹ idle, sleeping?

Lake. Naught² before my power could stand,
 Should I spring to motion !

River. I go blessing all the land,
From my source to ocean !

Lake. I show sun and stars and moon
On my breast untroubled.

River. Ay ! and wilt thou not as soon
Make the storm-clouds doubled ?

Lake. River, river, go in peace,
I'll no more reprove thee.

River. Lake, from pride and censure³ cease ;
May no earthquake move thee.

Lake. I a higher power obey, —
Lying still, I'm *doing* !

River. I for no allurement⁴ stay,
My great end pursuing.⁵

Lake. Speed thee ! speed thee, river bright !
Let not earth oppose thee !

River. Rest thee, lake, with all thy might,
Where thy hills enclose thee.

Lake. River, hence we've done with strife,
Knowing each our duty.

River. And in loud or silent life,
Each may shine in beauty.

Both. While we keep our places thus,
 Adam's sons and daughters,
 Ho ! behold, and learn of us,
 Still and running waters.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 LĪST'LESS. Having no desire or wish, indifferent.
2 NĀUGHT (nāwt). Nothing.
3 CĒN'SURE. Reproof, blame. | 4 AL-LŪRE'MENT. That which tempts, enticement.
5 PUR-SŪ'ING. Following, endeavouring to attain. |
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XXXIX.—THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

1. EVERY boy and girl in America has heard of George Washington. He was one of the greatest and best men that ever lived. He was a true lover of his country, and rendered her the most important services. His memory is deservedly cherished with the utmost pride, gratitude, and reverence¹ by the American people : portraits² and busts³ of him are common everywhere : many lives of him have been written ; and the leading events of his career are known to all.

2. He was born in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the twenty-second day of February, 1732. His father, Augustine Washington, was a man of large property, and owned a great deal of land. He was twice married. George was the oldest child of the second marriage ; but there were two sons of the first marriage who were many years older than he.

3. When he was only eleven years old he had the misfortune to lose his father. This was a great loss ; but, on the other hand, he had the good fortune to have a most excellent mother. She was a woman of good

sense, energy, decision,⁴ and strict religious principle. She had six children in all; but, one of them died in infancy. She governed her little household kindly, but strictly; exacting from her children strict obedience, but never requiring any thing of them that was not proper and for their good.

4. Washington always felt the greatest possible respect and affection for his mother. When a boy he submitted cheerfully to her will, and when a man he treated her with uniform attention and deference.⁵ He had the good sense to see how much he was indebted, for his success in life, to the manner in which she had brought him up.

5. This excellent woman lived to the advanced age of eighty-two — long enough to see her illustrious⁶ son the object of universal gratitude and admiration, on the part of his countrymen, and to taste the pure pleasure of feeling that the good he had done, and the glory he had acquired, were in part to be ascribed to her guidance⁷ and counsels in his tender years.

6. Although Washington's father left an ample property, yet when it came to be divided, after his death, and the children of the first marriage had taken their portion, there remained to the widow and her young family an estate sufficient for their comfortable support, but not enough for any uncommon expense, and requiring to be managed with care and economy in order to maintain them in a plain way.

7. Washington could not, therefore, be sent to any distant school to be educated; still less to England, as one of his elder brothers had been. He could only go to such schools as were kept in the neighborhood; and

those were of an inferior class. It was not so easy then to acquire knowledge^s as it is now : the country was young and poor ; and books all came from England, and were costly and rare. Now good books can easily be obtained by all who have a taste for reading.

8. Washington was not taught many things which boys are now taught ; but what he did learn he learned thoroughly and well. There were but few books which he could find to read ; but those few he read attentively, so that he understood them perfectly. He was well instructed in writing and arithmetic, and had a natural faculty for both.

9. Many of the copy books which he used when a boy are still in existence. They are all very neatly kept. Some contain the rules of arithmetic, and the most difficult sums under them, all written out in full ; another has a whole course of book-keeping ; another has copies of the notes, receipts,^s and other papers used by lawyers and merchants ; and in another several pieces of poetry are written. He frequently writes his own name in different ways, and with a great variety of flourishes, as if he were forming his hand.

10. In one of these books are several pages containing what he calls rules of behavior in company and conversation. They were written out by Washington when he was about thirteen years old. Whenever he came across any thing in a book which he read, that contained a good piece of advice as to how he should behave, he appears to have written it down in this book, so as to impress it on his memory. These rules include the subject of good morals as well as of good manners ; and any one who adhered to them could not

pity that so industrious a boy could not have learned other things, such as Latin and Greek, French, chemistry, or natural philosophy. But this constant use of the pen was of advantage to him in many ways. It made the practice of writing easy to him, so that afterwards, when he grew up and was a general and a president, and had much writing to do, it came natural to him, and he could do a great deal of it every day.

2. Besides, in this way Washington acquired the habit of expressing his thoughts on paper clearly and readily. His style was always simple, manly, and vigorous. Everybody could understand what he wrote, without any difficulty. And he thus learned to write a neat, legible,¹ and flowing hand; and this accomplishment² he never lost. All his letters and papers are in a clear and handsome handwriting: the lines are perfectly straight; and the words are nearly as easy to read as print.

3. This was always a great advantage to him: it is a great advantage to anybody to write a distinct and legible hand. When he was a general and a president, the men who had to read his letters and papers never lost any time in finding out what this or that word was.

4. Bonaparte, the great French general, and emperor of France, wrote a very bad hand. He would sometimes send an order to an officer, requiring him to do something at once; but the poor officer would be utterly unable to make out what some of the most important words were. He would run about from one person to another, to see if they could help him read it; all the time in great alarm lest Bonaparte should be angry with him for not obeying his orders, but not daring to

tell him he could not read his handwriting. Washington never gave anybody this trouble.

5. When Washington grew up, he became a planter, or farmer, and had a large estate to manage. The habits he had formed in his school-boy days were now of much service to him. He kept books containing his accounts as carefully as a merchant; so that he always knew how much he was earning, and how much he was spending. Every thing that happened on the farm, or in the family, was set down in a diary.³ All the letters he wrote when he was a general and president were copied into books; and the letters he received were carefully sorted and filed.⁴ All things were done in the most orderly and methodical manner.

6. Washington was born with a strong frame and a vigorous constitution; and these advantages he preserved and improved by constant bodily exercise. He was the leader of his companions in all their sports. No one could run so fast as he, or leap so far, or throw a stone to so great a distance. He was also a very fine and bold rider; delighting to ride the most fiery horses, and subdue their spirit.

6. This physical⁵ training was of great service to him; for it made him very strong and healthy. When he was a general, he had a great deal of hard work to do, and was exposed to much bad weather. He was obliged to be on horseback a great many hours at a time; sometimes in rain and snow, and sometimes under a hot sun; but his constitution was so strong that he was never made ill.

8. The moral qualities which distinguished⁶ Washington as a man were also conspicuous⁷ in him as a boy.

He was a very steady, honest, and truthful boy, obedient and respectful to his mother and teachers, and attentive and diligent in his studies. He was much respected by his companions, and often called upon to settle their disputes; and his decisions were always observed, because they were always just. He was a boy who inspired confidence; and any one who saw him would have said that he was sure to make a useful and respectable man.

9. He had by nature a violent temper; but he had the sense to see that no man can be useful or happy who is constantly getting into a passion; and he determined to rule his own spirit. He found this a harder task than to break a fiery horse; but he succeeded in doing it. In after life he always showed great patience and command of temper: and few persons would have suspected that these virtues were not natural to him.

10. Washington was tall and well formed: his appearance on horseback was very noble and fine. Both as a youth and a man, he was attentive to his personal appearance, and always neatly dressed. His manners were grave and somewhat reserved;⁸ and there was something about him which inspired awe in all who approached him. As a youth, he was silent and bashful in mixed company; and at no period of his life was he much of a talker. Nor had he that faculty of public speaking which is so common in our country.

11. The character and conduct of Washington present a model⁹ for the imitation of every American. The more a man is like Washington, the more worthy he is of being a citizen of a free republic, in which the people govern themselves..

12. The purpose of this and the preceding lesson is to show our young readers that the foundation of Washington's greatness was laid during his boyhood, and that as Washington, the man, is a good model for the men of America, so Washington, the boy, is a good model for the boys of America. Every boy can be as truthful, as industrious, as honest, and as steady as he was ; can be as obedient to his parents and his teachers ; and though no one may become as distinguished, yet every boy who follows the example of Washington is sure to grow up a useful and an honorable man.

1 LĒŋ'Ĳ-BLE. That may be read.

2 ȦC-CŌM'PLISH-MĒNT. Completion, fulfilment ; here, an acquirement which adorns or graces a person.

3 DI'Ȧ-RȦ. An account of daily events, a journal.

4 FILED. Placed upon a thread or wire or in a bundle, as papers, with its title written on each paper.

5 PHȦŋ'Ĳ-CȦL. Pertaining to nature ; pertaining to the bodily organs.

6 DȦS-TĲN'GUISHED (-ŋwisht). Celebrated, famous, illustrious.

7 CŌN-SPȦC'Ȧ-OȦS. Easy to be seen, clearly perceived.

8 RȦ-ŋĲVED'. Kept back ; restrained from freedom in words or actions.

9 MŌD'ȦL. Pattern, something which is to be imitated.

XII. — REQUIEM.

GEORGE LUNT.

[This requiem¹ was written in honor of Captain N. B. Shurtleff, Jr., who fell at the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862.]

1. BREATHE, trumpets, breathe,
 Slow notes of saddest wailing —
 Sadly responsive² peal
 Ye muffled³ drums —
 Comrades, with downcast eyes
 And muskets trailing,
 Attend him home.
 The youthful warrior comes,

2. Upon his shield,
 Upon his shield returning,
 Borne from the field of honor
 Where he fell —
 Glory and Grief, together clasped
 In mourning,
 His fame, his fate,
 With sobs exulting, tell.
3. Wrap round his breast
 The flag his breast defended —
 His country's flag,
 In battle's front unrolled ;
 For it he died —
 On earth forever ended,
 His brave young life
 Lives in each sacred fold.
4. With proud fond tears,
 By tinge of shame untainted,⁴
 Bear him, and lay him
 Gently in his grave ;
 Above the hero write,
 The young, half-sainted —
 " His country asked his life,
 His life he gave."

1 哀之頌之。 A hymn invoking rest
 for the dead, a hymn written in
 honor of the dead.

2 哀之答之。 Making response,
 answering, replying.

3 裹之。 Having something
 wound round so as to render the
 sound low or solemn.

4 不污之。 Not sullied, un-
 stained.

XLII. — THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

1. THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
 Beneath is a soldier lying ;
The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
 When banner and ball were flying.
2. Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
 By wet wild flowers surrounded ;
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
 Where the steps of his childhood bounded.
3. There were tears that fell from manly eye,
 There was woman's gentler weeping,
And the wailing of age, and infant cries,
 O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.
4. He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
 With his father's sword and blessing ;
He stood with the valiant side by side,
 His country's wrongs redressing.'
5. He came again in the light of his fame,
 When the red campaign' was over ;
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
 Was claimed by the soldier lover.
6. But the cloud of strife came up on the sky,
 He left his sweet home for battle,
And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
 And the cannon's long death-rattle.

7. He came again, — but an altered man ;
 The path of the grave was before him,
 And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
 For the shadow of death hung o'er him.
8. He spoke of victory — spoke of cheer ;
 These are words that are vainly spoken
 To the childless mother, or orphan's² ear,
 Or the widow whose heart is broken.
9. A helmet⁴ and sword are engraved on the stone,
 Half hidden by yonder willow ;
 There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
 But who died on his own home-pillow !

1 RE-DRESS'ING. Setting right, taking satisfaction for an injury.

2 CÁN-PÁIGN'. The time an army keeps the field in one year.

3 ÖR'PHAN. A child who has lost by death father or mother, or both.

4 HÉL/MÉT. A piece of armor to protect the head.

XLIII. — THE HERO'S DEATH.

HEMANS.

1. LIFE's parting beams were in his eye,
 Life's closing accents on his tongue,
 When round him, pealing¹ to the sky,
 The shout of victory rung.
2. Then ere his gallant spirit fled,
 A smile so bright illumed² his face —
 Oh ! never, of the light it shed,
 Shall memory lose a trace.

3. His was a death, whose rapture high
 Transcended¹ all that life could yield ;
 His warmest prayer was so to die,
 On the red battle-field.
4. And they may feel, who love him most,
 A pride so holy and so pure —
 Fate hath no power o'er those who boast
 A treasure thus secure.

1 PEAL/ING. Loudly sounding.

2 IL-LUMED'. Made luminous or light.

3 TRAN-SCEND'ED. Rose above, surpassed, excelled.

XLIV.—THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

1. A PECULIAR race of people, known by the name of the North American Indians, occupied the territory¹ of the United States, before it was visited and settled by Europeans. They were found in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and east and west of the mountains. They were distributed into a great variety of tribes, but in manners, customs, traits of character, and personal appearance, were essentially² alike.

2. Their complexion was of a reddish brown, or copper color ; their hair was black, glossy, coarse, and never curling : the eyes were hazel or black, the cheek-bones prominent,³ the nose broad, and the forehead narrow. They were straight and well-formed ; and it was very rare to find any one among them with any personal blemish or defect. They were very active, and capable

of enduring great fatigue ; but in muscular strength they were generally inferior to the whites.

3. They dwelt together in small settlements or villages. They had no written laws, and no courts of justice ; but each man guarded his own honor and protected his own rights. In each tribe there were one or more men who were possessed of superior power and influence, and were regarded as chiefs, or rulers.

4. Sometimes this rank resided in certain families, and was transmitted⁴ from father to son, or from uncle to nephew ; but it often happened that an Indian became a chief solely from his personal qualities—from his bravery in war, or eloquence in council. In their war parties, especially, the most renowned warrior naturally took the lead.

5. The power of the chiefs, however, was limited. All matters of importance, especially such as related to war and peace, were discussed in public council, in which all the grown men of the tribe had a right to be present, and take part in the business of the meeting. A majority of voices decided the question.

6. These debates were conducted with great order and decorum.⁵ The listeners sat in a semicircle⁶ on the ground, gravely smoking their pipes, and giving their careful attention to the speaker. There was no interruption,⁷ no struggling of two persons for the right of being heard, and no rude and disturbing noise. The action of the Indian orator was energetic and expressive ; his language was bold and figurative ;⁸ and many among them have shown no mean powers of eloquence.

7. The occupations⁹ of the men were confined to war and hunting ; all manual labor was deemed degrading.

The Indians were constantly engaged in war, but their wars were never carried on by great numbers at one time. It was very rare that more than forty warriors took the field together ; and small parties of six, eight, or ten were common.

8. They did not seek to meet their enemy in open day, and vanquish him in fair fight ; but they preferred¹⁰ to take him by surprise. They would lie in ambush¹¹ for days together, and then steal out upon their unsuspecting foes, and carry death and terror in their train. Captives taken in war were put to death with the most cruel torments ; but they were sometimes adopted into the tribe of their captors, to take the place of a warrior who had fallen.

9. As is usual among savages, the hard labors of life devolved upon the women. The use of the axe or hoe was considered beneath the dignity of the male sex. It belonged to the women to plant the corn and gather the harvest ; to make and mend garments and moccasins, to build huts, pitch tents, cut wood, tend horses and dogs ; and, on a march, to carry the baggage.

10. The clothing of the Indians was made of skins of various animals, and they wore moccasins of soft leather upon their feet. They were very fond of ornaments, and took great pride in being showily dressed. Indeed, a young Indian chief would often spend more time in dressing and adorning himself than a young lady in preparing for a ball.

11. The wings and feathers of birds, gayly-colored shells, porcupine quills stained of different hues, and plates of silver were worn by them. The claws of the grisly bear formed a proud collar for a war chief ; and the

scalp¹² of a slain enemy often hung from the stem of their pipes. They wore ornaments in their ears ; and a piece of silver was often thrust through the nose. The custom of painting the face was universal. Blue and black paint was used ; but red was the favorite color.

12. All the Indian tribes believed in one Supreme God, whom they called the Great Spirit, and in the immortality¹³ of the soul. They had many superstitions ;¹⁴ they attributed supernatural powers to all serpents, especially to the rattlesnake, and paid religious honor to rocks, trees, and striking natural objects. They believe that all the lower animals have immortal souls as well as man ; and, in short, that all nature is full of spirits.

13. In many tribes, men had what they called medicine bags, which were filled with bones, feathers, and other rubbish. These bags they kept with great care. Most Indians held some particular animal in reverence, and would never kill it, or eat it when killed. They had great faith in dreams, and believed that the Great Spirit thus spoke to them.

14. The Indians had the virtues and the vices of savages ; and they may be said to have occupied a rather high place on the scale of purely savage life. They were proud, cruel, indolent, and revengeful ; but on the other hand, they were hospitable, faithful to their word, and not without domestic affections.

15. Many attempts were made to form schools of Indian children, but they always failed ; partly from the wild instinct of liberty that seemed to dwell in the blood, and partly because their parents would never allow them to be punished or corrected. A teacher would often

gather a little tawny-colored flock around him, but, as one of them writes, "all of a sudden my birds flew away." In former times many of them entered Harvard College, but only one was ever graduated.* Many Indian men and women were converted¹⁵ to Christianity,¹⁶ and showed by their lives the sincerity¹⁷ of their faith.

16. There was one vice to which they were almost universally addicted;¹⁸ and that was a passion for ardent spirits, which, in their expressive language, they called fire water. An Indian who had once drunk rum or whiskey seemed ever after to be possessed of a sort of madness; all his ordinary occupations appeared to have lost their former attraction, and every thing was sacrificed¹⁹ for the fatal poison. There were always wicked men among the whites to supply the Indian with intoxicating drinks; thus enriching themselves and stripping the poor red man of all he had. The use of ardent spirits has been one of the chief causes of the rapid extinction²⁰ of the Indian race.

1 TĒR'RĪ-TQ-ŔY. Extent of land within certain limits or under certain authority, region.

2 Šs ŠN'TIĀL-LY (-shā-l-y). In the most important part or degree, in all important particulars.

3 PRŌM'I-NĒNT. Standing out, projecting.

4 TRĀNS-MĪT'TĒD. Sent from one person or place to another, caused to pass from one to another.

5 DĒ-CŌ'RUM. Propriety, decency.

6 ŠĒM'I-CYR-CLE. Half of a circle.

7 ĪN-TĒR-RŪPT'ION. A breaking in upon, hinderance.

8 FIG'V-RĀ-TĪVE. Full of figures of speech, flowery.

9 ŌC-CV-PĀ'TION. That which engages one's time and attention, business, employment.

10 PRĒ-FĒRRED'. Chose, considered as most desirable.

11 ĀM'BŪSH. A lying in wait so as to surprise; a concealed place where men lie in wait to surprise.

12 SCĀLP. The skin of the top of the head torn off with the hair on, as a badge of victory.

13 ĪM-MŌR-TĀL'I-TY. Endless life

* His name appears in the catalogue as Caleb Cheeshahteumuck. He was graduated in 1635, and died the next year.

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| <p>14 SŪ-PĒR-STĪ'TIŌN. Absurd belief in regard to rites and practices in religious worship; belief in the direct agency of supernatural power in producing effects the causes of which are unknown.</p> <p>15 CŌN-VĒRT'ĒD. Turned from one religion or belief to another.</p> <p>16 CHRĪS-TĪ-ĀN'I-TŪ. The religion taught by Christ.</p> | <p>17 SĪN-CĒR'I-TŪ. Honesty of intention, freedom from pretense or disguise.</p> <p>18 ĀD-DĪCT'ĒD. Accustomed, habitually devoted.</p> <p>19 SĀC'RĪ-FĪCED (-fīzd). Given up or suffered to be lost for the sake of obtaining something.</p> <p>20 ĒX-TĪNC'TIŌN. A putting an end to, or a coming to an end.</p> |
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XLV.—SPEECH OF LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF.

1. OF the eminence¹ of the North American Indians in oratory we have few examples, because it is displayed chiefly in their own councils, and in their own language. There are, however, some of their speeches which are of great merit. I doubt whether there can be found in the orations of Demosthenes* and Cicero,† or in those of the eminent orators of modern times, a single passage more striking than the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to Lord Dunmore, who was then governor of Virginia.

2. In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed by some Indians on certain settlers on the Ohio River. The whites in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary² way. Various travelling and hunting parties of the Indians, having their women and children with them, were surprised and put to death. Among these were, unfortunately, the family of Logan, a chief cele-

* **DĒ-MŌS'THĒ-NĒS.** A celebrated Athenian orator born about 385 years before Christ.

† **CĪQ'Ē-RŌ.** A celebrated Roman orator, born 107 years before Christ.

brated in peace and war, and long distinguished as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked³ his vengeance.

3. He accordingly signalized⁴ himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the year a decisive battle was fought between the collected forces of the Indians and a detachment⁵ of the Virginia militia.⁶ The Indians were defeated and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants. But lest a treaty to which so great a chief was not a party should not be deemed binding, he sent by a messenger the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore :

4. "I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace.

5. "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children.

6. "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge; I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance; for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He

will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one?"

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| <p>1 ĒM'Ī-NĒNCE. An elevated situation; high rank, distinction.</p> <p>2 SŪM'MA-RĪ. Hasty, speedy, brief.</p> <p>3 PRQ-VŌKED'. Called or aroused to action, incited; <i>also</i>, enraged, irritated.</p> | <p>4 SIG'NAL-IZED. Made eminent, distinguished.</p> <p>5 DE-TĀCH'MĒNT. A body of troops sent out from the main army.</p> <p>6 MĪ-LĪ'TĪA. Citizen soldiers in distinction from regular troops.</p> |
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XLVI.—I-HAVE AND O-HAD-I

[This piece is from the German, and the sentiment is similar to that expressed in the old proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."]

THERE are two little songsters well known in the land,
 Their names are I-Have and O-Had-I;
 I-Have will come tamely and perch¹ on your hand,
 But O-Had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-Have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
 But his worth is by far more enduring²
 Than a thousand O-Had-I's that sit far and high,
 On roofs and on trees so alluring.³

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
 And sing on, "Be cheery! be cheery!"
 Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,
 And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let O-Had-I but once take your eye,
 And a longing⁴ to catch him once seize you,
 He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
 Life-long he'll torment⁵ you and tease⁶ you:

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
 Now running, now crouching, now creeping,
 While far overhead, this sweet bird, at his will,
 With his bright golden plumage⁷ is sweeping.⁸

Then every wise man who attends to my song,
 Will count his I-Have a choice treasure,⁹
 And whene'er an O-Had-I comes flying along,
 Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

1 PERCH. Alight or sit as a bird.

2 EN-DŪR'ING. Lasting, permanent.

3 AL-LŪR'ING. Enticing, attracting.

4 LŌNG'ING. Earnest desire.

5 TOR-MĒNT'. Distress greatly.

6 TRĀSE. Worry, vex.

7 PLŪ'MAGE. The feathers of a bird.

8 SWĒEP'ING. Passing over swiftly
 and with force.

9 TRĒAS'URE. Any thing precious.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

THOU poor leaf so sear and frail,
 Sport of every wanton gale,
 Whence and whither dost thou fly,
 Through this bleak autumnal sky?
 On a noble oak I grew,
 Green, and broad, and fair to view;
 But the monarch of the shade,
 By the tempest low was laid.
 From that time, I wander o'er
 Wood and valley, hill and moor,
 Wheresoe'er the wind is blowing,
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing.
 Thither go I, whither goes,
 Glory's laurel, Beauty's rose.



XLVII.—MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN WEST.

HAWTHORNE.

1. IN the year 1738 there came into the world, in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, a Quaker infant, from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things. A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied¹ about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters

that had appeared on the earth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed upon the boy.

2. Some of his ancestors³ had won great renown in the old wars of England and France; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher, and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

3. Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing any thing worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand, and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

4. The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence³ to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant. It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

5. "How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself, "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

6. Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that ap-

pears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

7. "Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion⁴ in his face.

8. At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

9. "Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms round our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterwards was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

10. As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal flowers⁵ of early autumn. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated⁶ with all the

colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

11. In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams⁷ of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he now had three colors, — red, blue, and yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

12. But all this time the young artist had no paint brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious⁸ boy, and resolved to manufacture paint brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon — what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, which was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

13. “Puss,” said little Ben to the cat, “pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail?”

14. Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet

Ben was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could ; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors,⁹ and very dexterously¹⁰ clipped off fur enough to make a paint brush.

15. This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing ! she was forced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful look. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint brushes than that puss should be warm.

16. About this period Friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds with beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the habitation of a Quaker farmer.

17. " Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, " what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures ? Where on earth didst thou get them ? "

18. Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre¹¹ and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

19. " Verily," said Mr. Pennington, " the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity ; but little Benjamin appears

to have been born a painter ; and Providence is wiser than we are."

20. The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently¹² considered him a wonderful boy. When his parents saw how much their son's performances were admired, they, no doubt, remembered the prophecy¹³ of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben's future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a very great and useful man merely by making pictures.

1 PRŎPH'Ē-SJED. Foretold, predicted.

2 ĀN'CĒS-TŎRŠ. Those from whom a person descends, forefathers.

3 ĪM-PĒR'TJ-NĒNCE. Sauciness, an impudent or intrusive act.

4 CŎN-FŬ'SIŌN. State of being disconcerted or agitated, a disturbed condition.

5 CĀR'DJ-NĀL FLŌW'ĒR. A plant which bears bright scarlet flowers.

6 VĀ'RJ-Ē-GĀT-ĒD. Having different colors, diversified, many-colored.

7 WĪG'WĀM. The hut or cabin of a North American Indian.

8 ĪN-GĒN'IOVS. Skilful or prompt to invent or contrive.

9 SCĪS'ŠŎRŠ. A kind of small shears.

10 DĒX'TĒR-OŬS-LŶ. Skilfully, expertly.

11 Ō'ĒHRE (ō'kŭr). A kind of clay of various colors.

12 ĒV'Ī-DĒNT-LŶ. Clearly, manifestly.

13 PRŎPH'Ē-CŶ. A foretelling, prediction; that which is foretold.

XLVIII. — MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN WEST, CONCLUDED.

1. ONE evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben.

2. "What can it possibly be," thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

3. On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped¹ it, behold ! there was a paint box, with a great

many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

4. What a joyful evening was this for the little artist ! At bed-time he put the paint box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep ; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness. In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour ; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever ; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain^s what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

5. On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

6. “ My dear child, thou hast done wonders ! ” cried his mother.

The good lady was in an ecstasy of delight. And well might she be proud of her boy ; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent

a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterwards, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

7. Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him. According to the ideas of the Quakers, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world.

8. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures? This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting-house, and discussed³ the matter.

9. Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Quakers resolved not to oppose his inclination.⁴ They even acknowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.

10. They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world, and learn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

11. So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors ; he left all the places and persons that he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterwards to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety^s and simplicity which he had learned among the Quakers.

12. When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts. When the Quakers of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished. It is true they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

13. But they approved of the great paintings in which he represented the miracles^s and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. King George employed him to adorn a large and beautiful chapel⁷ at Windsor Castle with pictures of these sacred subjects.

14. He likewise painted a magnificent picture of Christ Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hospital at Philadelphia. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit, that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate^s thirty more patients. If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, yet

it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital, who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

15. We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of Christ Healing the Sick was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

16. He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations⁹ than that of a little unknown Quaker boy, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day. Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities, as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of Providence, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame, it matters but little whether we acquire it or not.

1 ẸN-VẸL'QPED. Covered on all sides, inwrapped, infolded.

2 ẸS-CẸR-TẸIN'. Make certain, find out, learn.

3 DẸS-CẸSSẸD'. Reasoned upon, debated, argued.

4 ẸN-CLẸ-NẸTẸION. A leaning, bent, propensity, preference.

5 SẸ-BẸRẸTẸ-TẸY. Soberness, sedateness, gravity.

6 MẸR'A-CẸLE. An act or event which deviates from the established laws of nature.

7 CHẸP'ẸL. A place of worship attached to a church or belonging to it; *often*, a small church.

8 ẸC-CẸM'MẸQ-DẸTE. Furnish with what is needed.

9 TRẸNS-FẸR-MẸTẸION. Change of form or substance.

XLIX. — THE BROOK.

TENNYSON.

1. I COME from haunts of coot¹ and hern,²
I make a sudden sally,³
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker⁴ down a valley.
2. By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,⁵ a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
3. Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.
4. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps⁶ and trebles,⁷
I bubble into eddyng bays,
I babble on the pebbles.
5. With many a curve, my bank I fret
By many a field and fallow,⁸
And many a fairy foreland⁹ set
With willow-weed and mallow.
6. I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

7. I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;¹⁰

8. And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel;

9. And draw them all along and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

10. I steal by lawns¹¹ and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

11. I slip, I slide, I gloom,¹² I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

12. I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly¹³ bars,¹⁴
I loiter round my cresses;¹⁵

13. And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming¹⁶ river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 CÖÖT. } Water fowls that frequent | 10 GRÄY/LING. A fish of the salmon |
| 2 HERN. } lakes and other still waters. | kind. |
| 3 SÄL/LY. A quick egress. | 11 LÄWN. Grass-ground kept smooth- |
| 4 BICK'ER. Move tremulously like | ly mown. |
| flame or water, quiver. | 12 GLÖÖM. Shine obscurely, look dark |
| 5 THÖRP. A cluster of houses, a | or obscure. |
| hamlet. | 13 SHYN/GLY (shing'le). Abounding |
| 6 SHÄRPS, } Terms in music. | with shingle or loose gravel. |
| 7 TRÄB/LEŞ. } | 14 BÄR. A bank of sand, gravel, or |
| 8 FÄL/LÖW. Ploughed land in which | rocks, which forms a shoal in a |
| no seed is sown for a whole year | river or harbor. |
| or more; ploughed land untilled. | 15 CRÄS/SEŞ. Certain plants which |
| 9 FÖRE/LÄND. A point of land run- | grow near the water. |
| ning into the sea or other water. | 16 BRIM/MING. Full to the brim. |

L. — CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN.

WEEMS.

King Charles. WELL, friend William, I have sold you a noble province¹ in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself?

Penn. Yes, I have, I assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

K. C. What! venture yourself among the savages of North America? Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

P. The best security in the world.

K. C. I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security, against those cannibals,² but in a reg-

iment³ of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets.⁴ And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good-will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

P. I want none of thy soldiers, Charles ; I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

K. C. Ah ! what may that be ?

P. Why, I depend upon themselves ; on the working of their own hearts ; on their notions of justice ; on their moral sense.

K. C. A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt ; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

P. And why not among them, as well as others ?

K. C. Because, if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

P. That is no proof of the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors.⁵ When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day, they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which were all they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting-grounds, for farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice ; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses ?

K. C. Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

P. I am not afraid of it.

K. C. Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting-grounds too, I suppose?

P. Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

K. C. No, indeed? How, then, will you get their lands?

P. I mean to buy their lands of them.

K. C. Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me.

P. Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good-will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

K. C. How, man! no right to their lands!

P. No, friend Charles, no right, no right at all; what right hast thou to their lands?

K. C. Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

P. The right of discovery! A strange kind of right, indeed! Now, suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe-loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering this island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

K. C. Why — why — why — I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

P. Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest savages?

Yes, friend Charles ; and suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away, — wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel ?

K. C. I must say, friend William, that I should ; how can I say otherwise ?

P. Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in the heathen ? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony,⁶ if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

1 PRŌV'INCE. Region ; a country subject to another country.

2 CĀN'NĪ-BĀL. One who eats human flesh.

3 RĒQ'Ī-MĒNT. A body of troops commonly consisting, when full, of from eight hundred to twenty-four hundred men.

4 BĀY'Ō-NĒT. A kind of sword or dagger fixed in the end of a musket or rifle.

5 ĀG-GRĒSS'ŌR. One who makes the first attack.

6 CŌL'Ō-NY. A body of persons who settle in a foreign land and are governed by the parent country.

LI.—DUTY OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

CHANNING.

1. REGARD your parents as kindly given you by God, to support, direct, and govern you in your present state of weakness and inexperience. Express your respect for them in your manner and conversation. Do not neglect those outward signs of dependence¹ and inferiority which suit your age.

2. You are young, and you should therefore take the lowest place, and rather retire than thrust yourselves forward into notice. You have much to learn, and you should therefore hear, instead of seeking to be heard. You are dependent, and you should therefore ask instead of demanding what you desire, and you should receive every thing from your parents as a favor, and not as a debt.²

3. I do not mean to urge upon you a slavish fear of your parents. Love them, and love them ardently ; but mingle a sense of their superiority with your love. Talk to them with openness and freedom ; but never contradict with violence ; never answer with passion or contempt.

4. You should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been, and it is not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, — when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourselves, — when you could neither speak nor walk, and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth and perished.

5. Observe the infants which you often see, and consider that a little while ago you were as feeble as they are : you were only a burden and a care, and you had nothing with which you could repay your parents' affection. But did they forsake you ? During how many nights have they been disturbed by your cries ! When you were sick, how tenderly did they hang over you ! With what pleasure have they seen you grow up in health to your present state ! And what do you now possess which you have not received from their hands ?

6. God, indeed, is your great parent, your best friend, and from Him every good gift descends ; but God is pleased to bestow every thing upon you through the kindness of your parents. To your parents you owe every comfort : you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers, and the food which nourishes you.

7. While you are seeking amusements, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants may be supplied, that your minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you and to continue their favors, ought not you to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude ?

8. What greater monster can there be than an unthankful child, whose heart is never warmed by the daily expressions of parental solicitude ;³ who, instead of requiting⁴ his best friend by his affectionate conduct, is sullen and passionate, and thinks his parents will do nothing for him, because they will not do all he desires ?

9. Consider how much better they can decide for you than you can for yourselves. You know but little of the world in which you live. You hastily catch at every thing which promises you pleasure ; and unless the authority of a parent should restrain you, you would soon rush into ruin, without a thought or a fear. In pursuing your own inclinations, your health would be destroyed, your minds would run to waste, you would grow up slothful, selfish, a trouble to others, and burdensome to yourselves.

10. Submit, then, cheerfully to your parents. Have you not experienced their goodness long enough to know that they wish to make you happy, even when their commands are most severe? Prove, then, your sense of this goodness by doing cheerfully what they require. When they oppose your wishes, do not think that you have more knowledge than they. Do not receive their commands with a sour, angry, sullen look, which says, louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel.

11. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them, but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Do not expect that your parents are to give up every thing to you, but study to give up every thing to them. Do not wait for them to threaten, but when a look tells you what they want, fly to perform it. This is the way in which you can best reward them for all their pains and labors. In this way you will make their house pleasant and cheerful.

12. But if you are disobedient, perverse,^a and stubborn, you will make home a place of contention, noise, and anger, and your best friends will have reason to wish that you had never been born. A disobedient child almost always grows up ill-natured and disobliging to all with whom he is connected. None love him, and he has no heart to love any but himself. If you would be amiable in your temper and manner, and desire to be loved, let me advise you to begin your life by giving up your wills to your parents.

13. Again, you must express your respect for your parents, by placing unreserved^a confidence in them. This is a very important part of your duty. Children

should learn to be honest, sincere, open-hearted to their parents. An artful, hypocritical⁷ child is one of the most unpromising⁸ characters in the world.

14. You should have no secrets which you are unwilling to disclose to your parents. If you have done wrong, you should openly confess it, and ask that forgiveness which a parent's heart is so ready to bestow. If you wish to undertake any thing, ask their consent. Never begin any thing in the hope you can conceal your design. If you once strive to impose on your parents, you will be led on, from one step to another, to invent falsehoods,⁹ to practice artifice,⁹ till you will become contemptible and hateful. You will soon be detected, and then none will trust you.

15. Sincerity in a child will make up for many faults. Of children, he is the worst who watches the eyes of his parents, pretends to obey as long as they see him, but as soon as they have turned away, does what they have forbidden. Whatever else you do, never deceive. Let your parents learn your faults from your own lips, and be assured they will never love you less for your openness and sincerity.

1 DĒ-PĒND'ENCE. Reliance on any person or thing for support.

2 DĒBT (dēt). That which is owed.

3 SŌ-LĪQ'Ī-TŪDE. Concern, anxious care, anxiety.

4 RĒ-QUĪT'ING. Repaying, rewarding.

5 PĒR-VĒRSE'. Disposed to be contrary, wayward.

6 ŪN-RĒ-SĒRVED'. Full, entire; open, frank, candid.

7 HĪP-Q-CHĪT'Ī-CĀL. Feigning to be what one is not, dissembling, insincere.

8 ŪN-PRŌM'IS-ING. Giving no promise of good.

9 AE'TĪ-FĪCE. Fraud, trick, deceit.

LIL — "WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

G. W. DOANE.

1. "WHAT is that, mother?" "The lark, my child !
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays'
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise."
2. "What is that, mother?" "The dove, my son !
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."
3. "What is that, mother?" "The eagle, boy !
Proudly careering² his course of joy ;
Firm, on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves³ not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, and true to the line."
4. "What is that, mother?" "The swan, my love !
He is floating down from his native grove ;

insects which produce substances that are consumed by man, and thus have a value in commerce.

3. By far the most valuable of the products of the insect tribe is silk, which is the gift of a species of caterpillar, known by the name of the silk-worm. On acquiring its full growth, it spins for itself an oval-shaped cocoon,² formed by a single thread of yellow silk, from ten to twelve yards in length. It is in this state that the material is taken. The insect is destroyed by dipping into hot water, and the cocoon is carefully unwound.

4. Silk is, as is well known, the richest and most beautiful of the fabrics from which human clothing is formed; and it is in universal use all over the civilized world. How much are the beauty of the female face, and the grace of the female form, indebted to this splendid fabric, woven by an unsightly worm, which a fine lady would hardly venture to touch with the tip of her parasol!

5. In some portions of the south of Europe, the culture of silk forms the principal occupation of a large part of the inhabitants. It has the advantage of affording employment to women and children as well as to men, so that a whole family may work together for their common support. The worms must be fed and sheltered; the cocoons must be unwound; the threads must be sorted: so that much must be done before even the raw material can be produced. Then comes the work of the weaver, of the artist who designs⁴ the patterns, and of the dyer who colors them with the brilliant hues which so delight the eye.

6. It has been supposed that at least a million and a

half of human beings derive their support from the culture and manufacture of silk. In Great Britain the annual value of the silk manufacture is not far from fifty millions of dollars; and the value of this rich material imported^s into the United States during the year ending June, 1856, was not less than thirty-six millions of dollars. Such is the commercial importance of a humble insect which to the ignorant eye would seem of as little value as the common earthworm of our gardens.

7. In connection with the silk-worm we may next treat of the insect from which the brilliant red dye called cochineal is produced. The male of this species is winged, and not much larger than a flea; the female is wingless, and when full grown, about the size of a barley grain. It is the dried body of the female which forms the cochineal of commerce, having in this state the appearance of a shrivelled berry. It is used in dyeing various shades of red; and no other substance gives so brilliant a hue. With the exception of indigo, it is the most important of all dyeing materials. The supply is derived mainly from Mexico and Central America.

8. The insects feed upon the leaves of a species of plant called the cactus, from which they are gathered several times a year, mostly by Indian women. They are killed either by throwing them into boiling water, or by exposing them in heaps to a hot sun, or by placing them in ovens. Some idea may be formed of the vast numbers and diminutive size of these insects from the fact that a single pound is supposed to contain about seventy thousand of them. Great Britain pays annually

about a million of dollars for a substance composed of the dried carcasses of a minute insect.

- 1 A-VĒR'SIŌN. Moderate hatred, dislike, antipathy.
 2 TÖL'ĒR-ĪTE. Bear, endure.
 3 CŌ-CŌŌN'. An egg shaped ball made by the silk-worm.

- 4 DĒ-SIŌNŌ'. Forms in idea, or in the mind, plans, projects.
 5 ĪM-PÖRT'ĒD. Brought into a country from abroad.
 6 MĪ-NŪTE.' Very small.

LV.—INSECT IMPORTANCE, CONCLUDED.

1. THERE is a substance brought from the East Indies, known by the name of lac, which is the produce of a small insect. It deposits its eggs on the leaves and branches of certain trees, and then covers them with a material like gum, intended to protect the eggs and the young. When gathered in this state this material is called stick lac; but it is usually brought to Europe and America in thin, transparent plates, called shell lac, which is the stick lac melted and strained.

2. Lac is used, in the countries that produce it, in the manufacture of beads, rings, and other female ornaments; but here and in Europe, it is employed in making sealing-wax, varnishes, and hat bodies. A kind of red dye is also produced from it. About three millions of pounds of shell lac, and one million pounds of lac dye, are carried into Great Britain every year; about half of which, however, is sent to other countries. A great deal of shell lac also comes to America from the East Indies.

3. To an insect we are indebted for the coloring matter of that fluid which enables us to record our

thoughts and transmit our affections to our absent friends. We mean the fly that produces the gall nut from which ink is made. These nuts are from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter, and are found on several kinds of oak.

4. The insect bores a hole in the leaf and deposits its eggs; this diverts the sap of the leaf from its proper channels, and forms a sort of web, which increases in size as also does the young insect inside. When arrived at maturity, the latter eats itself out: hence gall nuts are generally found with a hole in them. The best of them come from Aleppo and Smyrna, and are about the size of a nutmeg. They are also used in preparing some kinds of medicine.

5. In many diseases it becomes important to raise a blister upon the skin. This is done by applying a plaster made from an insect commonly called the Spanish fly, which is a sort of beetle, of a bright green color, about three quarters of an inch in length. They are most abundant in Italy and Spain.

6. Our catalogue¹ of insects which are directly beneficial² to man, may be concluded by one of the most important, and the most interesting, of all; and that is the common honey-bee — “the little busy bee” of the poet. Known from the earliest times, and almost everywhere found, it has become the type, or model, of diligence and industry. It is a most faithful little worker, and well deserves its reputation. Diminutive as it is, it has had more books written about it than any other lower animal, the horse and ox perhaps excepted.

7. The bee is of great value to us. Unlike the silkworm, it does not require to be fed and taken care of;

but it earns its own living, and asks nothing at the hands of man. It takes that which is not missed; and the flower it has rifled loses nothing of its fragrance or beauty. It gives us honey, which is a most delicious article of food; and wax, which is employed for various purposes. There is hardly any part of the world, within the torrid³ and temperate zones, in which the bee is not found, either in a wild or a domesticated⁴ state. It is abundant in our western forests, and its honey is gathered by men called bee-hunters, who show great sagacity in finding where it is stored.

8. The actual value in money of the products of bees is very great, but can hardly be estimated. In Europe, many cottagers and small farmers derive no small part of the support of their families from their bee-hives. In Great Britain alone about six hundred thousand dollars are spent every year for foreign honey, besides what is made at home; and about the same sum for foreign wax. The wax and honey produced in the United States during the year 1850 were upwards of two millions three hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars in value. Such is the wealth created by a little brown creature, which we can hardly see as it wings its flight through the air.

1 CĀT'Ā-LŌGUE. A list of names in some certain order.

2 BĒN F-Ų'CIĀL (-fish'əl). Confer-ring some good, helpful, useful.

3 TŌR'RĪD. Very hot.

4 DŌ-MĒS'TĪ-CĀT-ĒD. That relates to the house, living under the care of man, tamed.

LVI.—THE TWO VILLAGES.

1. OVER the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still :
All around, the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in every breeze ;
Over it, sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow ;
And mountain grasses low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of the open street.
2. Beside the river under the hill
Lieth another village still.
There I see in the cloudy night,
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the sunny door,
Mists that curl on the river shore ;
And in the streets no grasses grow,
For there the wheels go to and fro.
3. In the village on the hill,
Never's a sound of smith or mill ;
The houses are thatched¹ with grass and flowers
Never a clock to toll the hours.
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut.
All the villagers lie asleep ;
Never a grain do sow or reap ;
Never in dreams do moan or sigh ;
Silent, and idle, and low, they lie.

4. In that village under the hill,
 When the night is starry and still,
 Many a weary soul in prayer
 Looks to the other village there,
 And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
 Up to that home, from this below ;
 Longs to sleep by the forest² wild,
 Whither have vanished³ wife and child,
 And heareth, praying, this answer⁴ fall —
 “ Patience, that village will hold you all.”

1 THATCHED (thächt). Covered with
 dried grass or other vegetable
 material, as a roof.

2 FÖR'EST. Woods.

3 VÄN'ISHED. Gone from view.

4 ÄN'SWER (-ser). Reply.

LVII.—THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

SHARPE'S MAGAZINE.

1. AT an early period in the history of Holland, a boy, who is the hero of the following narrative, was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a *sluicer* — that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed, — of finding itself under water, rather than above it.

2. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, and closes them again carefully at night ; otherwise the water would flow into the

canals, overflow them, and inundate¹ the whole country. Even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

3. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dyke.² His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

4. As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy now stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, now, in childish gayety, hummed some merry song.

5. The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager, returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage,³ and he looked up in some dismay.⁴ The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible,⁵ though not as distinctly as by day.

6. The child thought of his father, of his injunction,⁶ and was preparing to quit the ravine⁷ in which he was

almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examines it, and soon discovers a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing.

7. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have had, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole, through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow.

8. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and, to his delight, he finds that he has succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

9. This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device.⁶ But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered.

10. He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas, the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not.

11. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly, but still the little

fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors — nay, the whole village.

12. We know not what faltering⁹ of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from an attendance on a death-bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dyke, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

13. “In the name of wonder, boy,” he exclaimed, “what are you doing there?”

14. “I am hindering the water from running out,” was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night, had been evincing¹⁰ such heroic fortitude¹¹ and undaunted¹² courage.

15. The Muse of history, too often blind to true glory, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men — she has left us in ignorance of this real little hero of Haarlem.

1 **IN-ÜN'DÄTE.** Overflow, flood.

2 **DYKE.** A bank or mound to prevent low land from being overflowed.

3 **HĒRB'ÄGE** (ĕrb'aj or hĕrb'aj). Herbs collectively.

4 **DIŞ-MÄY'.** Affright, gloomy apprehension.

5 **PĒR-CĒP'TI-BLE.** That may be seen.

6 **IN-JÜNC'TIÖN.** Command, order, direction.

7 **RA-VINE'.** A long, deep hollow commonly formed by a torrent.

8 **DĒ-VICE'.** That which is contrived or planned to accomplish a certain end, an expedient.

9 **FÄL'TĒR-ING.** Wavering, indecision, hesitation.

10 **Ė-VINC'ING.** Showing clearly.

11 **FÖR'TI-TÜDE.** Strength to endure pain or to meet danger.

12 **ÜN-DÄUNT'ĒD.** Bold, fearless.

LVIII.—BATTLE SONG FOR FREEDOM.

G. HAMILTON.

1. MEN of action ! men of might !
Stern defenders of the right !
Are you girded¹ for the fight ?
2. Have you marked and trenched² the ground,
Where the din of arms must sound,
Ere the victor can be crowned ?
3. Have you guarded well the coast ?
Have you marshalled³ all your host ?
Standeth each man at his post ?
4. Have you counted up the cost —
What is gained and what is lost
When the foe your lines have crossed ?
5. Gained — the infamy of fame,
Gained — a dastard's⁴ spotted name,
Gained — eternity of shame.
6. Lost — desert of manly worth,
Lost — the right you had by birth,
Lost — lost ! — freedom for the earth.
7. Freeman, up ! The foe is nearing !
Haughty banners high uprearing, —
Lo, their serried⁵ ranks appearing !

8. Freemen, on ! The drums are beating !
Will you shrink from such a meeting ?
Forward ! Give them hero greeting !
9. From your hearths, and homes, and altars,
Backward hurl your proud assaulters ;
He is not a man, that falters.
10. Hush ! The hour of fate is nigh !
On the help of God rely !
Forward ! We will do or die !

1 GYRD'ED. Bound round the waist
with a band or belt.

2 TRÉNCHED. Cut or dug so as to
form trenches ; also, fortified by
earth thrown up, intrenched.

3 MÁR'SHALLED. Arranged in order.

4 DÁS'TARD. A mean coward.

5 SÉR'RIED. Crowded, compacted.

6 ÁS-SÁULT'ERS. Those who attack
violently.

LIX.—ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

SHERIDAN.

1. MY brave associates !—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame ! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts ? No ; you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders¹ would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

2. They, by a strange frenzy² driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule ; we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer³

whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate ; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress ; whene'er they pause in amity,¹ affliction mourns their friendship.

3. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error ! Yes, they — they will give enlightened² freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride ! They offer us their protection ; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs — covering and devouring them !

4. They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited³ and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this : The throne we honor is the people's choice ; the laws we reverence⁴ are our brave fathers' legacy ;⁵ the faith we follow teaches us to live in the bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with the hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this ; and tell them, too, we seek no change, and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

1 IN-VĀD'ĒRĒ. Those who enter a country as an enemy, for conquest or plunder.

2 FRĒN'ZY. Madness, distraction.

3 ĀD-VĒNT'VR-ĒR. One who attempts bold or untried enterprises.

4 ĀM'I-TY. Friendship.

5 ĒN-LIGHT'ĒNED. Supplied with light, furnished with clear views.

6 IN-HĒR'IT-ĒD. Received by descent from an ancestor.

7 RĒV'ĒR-ĒNCE. Revere, venerate.

8 LĒG'A-CY. A gift by a will, a bequest.

LX.—THE SHIELD AND THE TWO KNIGHTS.

1. IN the days of knight-errantry,¹ one of the good old British princes set up a statue to the goddess of victory, in a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, in the old British language, “To the goddess ever favorable,” and on the other, “For four victories obtained successively² over the Picts, and other inhabitants of the Northern Islands.”

2. It happened one day, that two knights, completely armed, one in black armor, the other in white, arrived, from opposite parts of the country, at this statue, just about the same time; and, as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observe the excellence³ of its workmanship.

3. After contemplating⁴ it for some time,—“This golden shield,” says the black knight. “Golden shield!” cried the white knight, who was strictly observing the opposite side; “why, if I have my eyes, it is silver.” “I know nothing of your eyes,” replied the black knight, “but, if I ever saw a golden shield in my life, this is one.” “Yes,” returned the white knight, smiling, “it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this; for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people who pass this way; and it appears, by the date, ~~that~~ this has not been here above three years.”

4. The black knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered; he grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge.⁶ They both, therefore, turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career; then, fixing their spears in their rests, they flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity.⁶ Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time as in a trance.⁷

5. A good druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields or the forests; he stanchd their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them, as it were, from death to life again.

6. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel. "Why, this man," cried the black knight, "will have it that yonder shield is silver." "And he will have it," said the other, "that it is gold;" and then told him all the particulars of the affair.

7. "Ah!" said the druid, with a sigh, "you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong. Had either of you given himself time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided. However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit

me, therefore, to entreat you by all our gods, and by the goddess of victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future, till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

1 KNIGHT-ĒR'RANT-RY. The practice of roving about, as knights used to, for the purpose of displaying military prowess.

2 SUC-CĒS'SIVE-LY. One after another, in succession.

3 ĒX'CĒL-LĒNCE. Superior worth, goodness.

4 CON-TĒM'PLĀT-ING. Attentively viewing.

5 CHĀL'LĒNGE. An invitation or summons to combat.

6 [M-PĒT-Y-ŌS'I-TY. Violence, fury.

7 TRĀNCE. A state in which the soul seems to have passed, for a time, out of the body.

LXI.—THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

1. THROW more logs upon the fire ;
We have need of a cheerful light,
And close round the hearth to gather,
For the wind has risen to-night.
2. With the mournful sound of its wailing,
It has checked the children's glee,
And it calls with a louder clamor¹
Than the clamor of the sea.
3. It clatters loud at the casements,
Round the house it hurries on,
And shrieks with redoubled fury,
When we say, "The blast is gone !"
4. It has been on the field of battle,
Where the dying and wounded lie ;

And it brings the last groan they uttered,
And the ravenous¹ vulture's cry.

5. It has been where the icebergs² were meeting,
And closed with a fearful crash ;
On the shore where no footstep has wandered,
It has heard the waters dash.
6. It has been on the desolate³ ocean,
When the lightning struck the mast ;
It has heard the cry of the drowning,
Who sank as it hurried past.
7. It has been on the lonely moorland,⁴
Where the treacherous⁵ snow-drift lies,
Where the traveller, spent and weary,
Gasped fainter and fainter cries.
8. It has swept through the gloomy forest,
Where the sledge⁶ was urged to its speed,
Where the howling wolves were rushing
On the track of the panting steed.
9. Where the pool was black and lonely,
It caught up a splash and a cry ;
Only the bleak sky heard it,
And the wind as it hurried by.
10. Then throw more logs on the fire,
Since the air is bleak and cold,
And the children are drawing nigher,
For the tales that the wind has told.

11. So closer and closer gather,
 Round the red and crackling light;
 And rejoice, while the wind is blowing,—
 We are safe and warm to-night.

1 CLĪM'Q̄R. A loud, continued noise.

2 RĪV'EN-OŪS. Hungry even to rage,
 furiously voracious.

3 ĪCE'BĒRG. A vast mass of ice.

4 DĒS'Q-LĀTE. Lonely, solitary.

5 MÔÔR'LAND. A marshy or a barren
 tract of land.

6 TRĒACH'ĒR-OŪS. Betraying a trust,
 faithless.

7 SLĒDQ̄R. A sled or sleigh.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch concentrated all in self,
 Living shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

LXII. — AN INDIAN NARRATIVE.

[This interesting story is from "A Journey through Kansas," by Rev. C. B. Boynton and T. B. Mason, published in Cincinnati, in 1865.]

1. THE mounds of the western prairies¹ are among the most interesting features of the country. They are so regular in form that they are generally supposed to be the work of human hands ; but by whom they were reared, or for what purpose, is unknown.

2. A few years since, at the base of one of these mounds, there resided a chief, whose young daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty, as well as of a pure and noble spirit. She had many admirers among the young braves² of her nation. Her nature was simple and beautiful ; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle who had won her heart, but also to those whose suit she rejected.

3. Among her unsuccessful suitors³ one only so laid it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, though he showed no desire for open violence.

4. Both these young men were brave, and both skilful in the use of weapons ;⁴ but while the Young Eagle was of a frank and generous spirit, and swayed⁵ by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark, and sullen ; and his naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into an habitual scowl. The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however,

was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be his equal both in strength and skill.

5. The Indian customs did not permit the young couple to be much alone with each other; but they sometimes contrived to meet at twilight on the top of the mound, and spend there together a happy hour. Young Eagle was a favorite with his tribe, except among the kinsmen of the Wolf; and among the whites too, he had made many friends, one of whom had given him a Colt's revolver,⁶ the only one owned in the tribe.

6. Delighted with this formidable weapon, the Young Eagle had made it a plaything till he became skilful in its use, and always wore it about him in addition to his other arms. This was a second cause of enmity which the Wolf laid up in his heart. He seemed to be planning some dark scheme; but his secret, if he had one, was confided to no one. Bitter words sometimes passed between the young warriors, but nothing more; yet it was felt that at any time a sudden rousing of passion might end in bloodshed.

7. One summer evening, just as the moon was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride; for their marriage⁷ was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound is a naked rock, which, for thirty feet or more, is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a foot-path, and by it a large, flat rock forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound.

8. On this rock Young Eagle sat down to await the maiden's coming. In a few moments the bushes rustled near him; and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next instant he was in the arms of a strong man, and forced to the brink of the precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew then that the struggle was for life.

9. Pinioned^a as his arms were by the other's hold, the Young Eagle frustrated^b the first effort of his foe; and then a desperate struggle followed. The grasp of the Wolf was broken; and each, seizing his adversary by the throat with the left hand, sought his weapon with the right — the one his knife, the other his revolver.

10. In the struggle the handle of the knife of the Wolf had been turned in his belt; and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself, the revolver was at his breast, and a bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed; and as the body sunk, the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet after bullet into the lifeless frame as it rolled down.

11. The young girl, who was ascending¹⁰ the mound to meet her lover, heard these successive shots, and, knowing well from what source such rapid discharges alone could come, hastened on, and reached the summit¹¹ just as the fight was over. She soon brought her family to the spot, and every circumstance of the transaction showed at once the dangerous position in which the Eagle was placed. There was no witness of the combat, and no means whatever of showing that he had slain the Wolf in self-defence.

12. The number of ball-holes in the body seemed to bear evidence against him, and he knew that the friends of the Wolf would take advantage of every circumstance in order to procure his death as a murderer. He felt that death was certain if he submitted himself for trial, and therefore determined to defend himself as best he might, and await the result, as his only chance for life.

13. It is a law among the Indians that the shedding of blood may be rightfully avenged by the nearest kinsman of the slain, the murderer being allowed to defend himself as best he may. But as the friends of the deceased¹² are at liberty to accept a ransom for the life that has been taken, a compromise¹³ is often effected, and the affair settled.

14. The Young Eagle at once formed his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped, that, while he himself was concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire. He had, besides, two devoted and skilful allies,¹⁴ who, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood, the brother of the Wolf.

15. These allies were his bride, and a large, sagacious hound, which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded with lofty enthusiasm to be made his wife; and then, with every faculty sharpened by affection and her husband's danger, she watched, warned, and shielded him at all times with a vigilance that never failed.

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| <p>1 PRĀI'RIĒ. A large natural meadow or tract of land, mostly level, bare of trees.</p> <p>2 BRĀVE. An Indian warrior.</p> <p>3 SŪIT'QŌ. One who sues or entreats; here, one who solicits in marriage.</p> <p>4 WĒAP'ONŖ. Instruments of offence or defence, arms.</p> <p>5 SWĀYED (swād). Influenced, led.</p> <p>6 Rĕ-VŌL'VĒR. A pistol with several loading-chambers which revolve so as to be fired several times in rapid succession. Colt's revolver is so called from the inventor.</p> | <p>7 MĪR'RIJĀQĒ. A legal union between a man and a woman.</p> <p>8 PĪN'IONED (-yund). Confined by having the wings or the arms bound to the body.</p> <p>9 FRŪS'TRĀT-ĒD. Foiled, baffled.</p> <p>10 ĀS-CĒND'ING. Going up.</p> <p>11 SŪM'MĪT. Highest point, top.</p> <p>12 DĒ-CĒASED'. One who is dead.</p> <p>13 CŌM'PRŌ-MĪŖĒ. An amicable agreement in which something is yielded on each side, adjustment.</p> <p>14 ĀL-LĪEŖ'. Those united in a common cause.</p> |
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LXIII.—AN INDIAN NARRATIVE, CONCLUDED.

1. IN vain the brother of the Wolf surveyed from afar this fortress of the Eagle. It was evident that long before he could reach a point from which the young warrior could be seen, he would himself be within the range of the Eagle's rifle, without a cover of any kind.

2. Often, by night, he attempted to ascend the mound; but scarcely could he put his foot upon its base before the dog of the Eagle would give his master the alarm, and then to approach would only be to go to his own death. It was known that the Young Eagle's food could be brought to him by no one but his wife; but no one saw her form, or heard her footsteps on the mound.

3. The brother of the Wolf knew well that the Eagle's wife must supply him with food, and determined, if possible, to entrap him. He therefore studied and imitated her gait,¹ and carefully observed her dress; and when he felt that he was perfect in his part, he arrayed himself one evening in a dress the exact counterpart² of her's, with knife and tomahawk concealed

beneath, and bearing some food openly before him, took, just at twilight, the common path up the mound, where he knew the mere sound of footsteps would be less likely to alarm the dog or his master ; and he hoped to approach so near without suspicion, that he might by a sudden rush secure his victim.

4. His plan was skilfully executed. He imitated well the light step of the Eagle's wife ; the approaching form was one familiar to the dog, and he had not caught the scent. He wagged his tail, as he lay with his eye fixed, as if he would soon bound forward with a welcome. The Eagle addressed ³ his supposed wife in gentle tones, and bade her hasten. The avenger of blood was within ten feet of his intended victim, and thought that all was gained ; when the dog, with one yell and one bound, threw himself upon him and bore him to the earth, with his jaws grappled to his throat.

5. Entangled by the female dress, and throttled ⁴ by the hound, he could not draw his knife ; and the Eagle, who understood the scene at a glance, deprived him of his weapons while held by the dog, and then pinioned his arms. " Now go to your friends," said the young warrior, " I crave ⁵ not your blood. Your brother sought my life on this very spot, and I slew him, but only to save my own. But stay ; you shall go home as a warrior should. You have shown some skill in this." He then cut the pinions from his arms, and gave him back his weapons. They were taken in silence, and the humbled, yet grateful foe withdrew.

6. Three months thus had passed away, and negotiations ⁶ were opened for a ransom. The friends in such a case agree first to treat, but do not engage to accept

what may be offered for life. This is to be decided only on a spot appointed for the ceremony,' and with the shedder of blood unarmed, completely in their power, and bound by the law to make no resistance. When the parties are present, and the proposed ransom is offered, it is considered by the friends of the slain man, and if accepted all is settled; but if not, they have the right to slay the murderer on the spot, without resistance from him or his friends.

7. In this case the friends of the Wolf agreed to consider a ransom, and Young Eagle consented to abide the issue,⁹ he and his friends hoping that the sparing of the brother's life might have some influence in the decision. Besides, it was now generally believed in the tribe that the Wolf had been the aggressor.

8. At the day appointed, the parties met in an open space, with hundreds present to witness the scene. The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, and by his side a large knife was laid down, with which he was to be slain if the ransom were not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men were dim with tears. Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad, rather than revengeful.

9. A red blanket was now produced, and spread upon the ground. It signified⁹ that blood had been shed which was not washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next a blanket all of blue was laid over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed

out in heaven, and remembered no more. Last, a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of the blood should remain, and that everywhere, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.



10. These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of the Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain. He looked at them a moment in silence, and then his glance wandered to the fatal knife. The wife

of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes, imploringly, full upon the old man's face, without a word. He had stretched his hand toward the knife when he met that look. He paused; his fingers moved convulsively, but he did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and a tear moistened his eye. "Father," said the brother, "he spared my life." The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

11. The feud was completely healed. All were at last convinced that the Eagle was not a murderer; the ransom itself was presented to his wife as a gift, and he and the avenger of blood lived afterwards as friends and brothers.

1 GĀIT. Manner of walking.

2 CŌŌN'TĒR-PĀRT. Copy, resemblance.

3 AD-DRĒSSĒD'. Spoke to.

4 THRŌT'TLED. Seized by the throat in such a way as to choke.

5 CRĀVE. Long for, desire.

6 NĒ-GŌ-TĪ-Ā'TIŌN. Intercourse with another in reference to a treaty, or to any matter open for settlement.

7 CĒR'Ē-MŌ-NŸ. A solemn rite or form.

8 ĪS'SŪĒ (Īs'shŷ). Final result.

9 SIG'NĪ-FĪED. Was a sign, denoted

LXIV.—WHAT I LIVE FOR.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

1. I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;

For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

2. I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake ;
To emulate¹ their glory,
And follow in their wake ;²
Bards,³ patriots,⁴ martyrs,⁵ sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

3. I live to hold communion⁶
With all that is divine ;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,⁷
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

4. I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

5. I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true ;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,*
 For the wrongs that need resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

1 EM'Y-LĪTE. Strive to equal.

2 WĀKE. The track made by a vessel as it passes through the water ;
 hence, path, track.

3 BĀRDſ. Poets.

4 PĀ'TRI-ŌTſ. Those who love and faithfully serve their country.

5 MĀS'TYR. One who is put to death

for the truth ; one who suffers death or is persecuted for his belief.

6 COM-MŪN'ĪŌN. Fellowship, familiar intercourse.

7 FĪC'TĪŌN. Something feigned ; an invented story.

8 AS-SĪST'ANCE. Help, aid.

LXV.—SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

1. MR. PRESIDENT : It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions¹ of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Siren* till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty ? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their

*The Sirens were two maidens (or, according to some, three) celebrated in fable, who lived on an island where they sat in a mead close to the sea-shore and with their melodious voices so charmed those who were sailing by, that they forgot home, and every thing relating to it, and abode with these maidens till they perished from the impossibility of taking nourishment, and their bones lay whitening on the strand.

temporal² salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace³ themselves and the house? Is it that insidious⁴ smile, with which our petition⁵ has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

3. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation?⁶ Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation⁷ — the last arguments to which kings resort.

4. I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial⁸ array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation⁹ of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

5. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that, for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

6. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hand of the ministry and parliament.¹⁰

7. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances¹¹ have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

8. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight! — I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

9. They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

10. Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible¹³ by any force which our enemy can send against us.

11. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

12. Besides, sir, we have no election.¹³ If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable¹⁴ — and let it come! — I repeat it, sir, let it come!

13. It is vain, sir, to extenuate¹⁵ the matter. Gentlemen may cry Peace, Peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field!

3. Thou alone, of the feathered race,
 Dost look unscared³ on the human face;
 Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
 Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
 And the "gentle dove"
 Has become a name of truth and love.
4. Come then ever, when daylight leaves
 The page I read, to my humble eaves,
 And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
 And murmur thy low, sweet music out.
 I hear and see
 Lessons of wisdom, sweet bird, in thee.

1 EAVES. The edges of the roof of a building, which cast off the water that falls on the roof.

2 HAUNT (hänt). Resort to frequently.

3 UN-SCARED'. Not frightened.

LXVII. — THE HARROW.

1. A FARMER sent two of his servants to borrow a harrow¹ of a neighbor, ordering them to bring it between them on their shoulders. When they came to look at it, one of them, who had much wit, said, "What could our master mean by sending only two men to bring this harrow? No two men upon earth are strong enough to carry it."

2. "Poh!" said the other, who was vain of his strength, "why do you talk of two men? One man may carry it; help it upon my shoulders, and you shall see."

3. As he proceeded with it, the wag kept exclaiming, "Bless me, how strong you are! Why, you are a Samson! There is not such another man in America! What amazing strength you are gifted with! But you will kill yourself! Pray put it down and let me bear a part of the weight."

4. "No, no," said he, being more encouraged³ by the compliments³ than oppressed by the burden; "You shall see, I can carry it quite home." And so he did, while his cunning companion escaped his share of the labor by his flattery."⁴

5. When people flatter us, we should consider carefully whether it may not be done to effect some selfish design of their own, by our assistance.

1 HĀR'ĒŌW. A frame of timber set with spikes on one side, to be dragged over ploughed lands.

2 ĪN-CŌUR'ĀGED. Inspired.

3 CŌM'PLĪ-MĒNT. An act or speech of civility.

4 FLĀT'TĒR-Y. False or insincere praise.

LXVIII. — CHRISTMAS TIMES.

C. C. MOORE.

[St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as he is sometimes called, is an imaginary personage who is supposed to fill the stockings of good little boys and girls with presents, the night before Christmas.]

1.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief,¹ and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

2.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,—
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,—
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature² sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

3.

More rapid than eagles his coursers³ they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name :
“Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! now,
Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Dunder and Blixen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away, all !”

4.

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane⁴ fly,
When they meet with an obstacle⁵ mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof;
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

5.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
 And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
 His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

6.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all his stockings, — then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 “Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”

1 KĀR'CHĪEF. A cloth to cover the head, a head-dress.

2 MĪN'JA-TŪRE. Diminutive, small.

3 CŌURS'FĀŞ. Swift horses.

4 HŪR'RĪ-CĀNE. A violent storm of wind.

5 ŌB'STA-CLE. An obstruction.

6 ĒLF. An imaginary small being.

LXIX.—THE GENEROUS REVENGE.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

1. AT the period when the Republic of Gen'oa was divided between the factions¹ of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical² form of government.

2. The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting³ this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigor; and in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation⁴ of all his property.

3. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first magistracy,⁵—a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments,—in pronouncing the sentence on Uberto, aggravated⁶ its severity, by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. “You,” said he,—“you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—you, by their clemency,⁷ are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung.”

4. Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet, stung by the manner in

which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own. He then made his obeisance,⁸ and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

5. He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipelago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile⁹ pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honor and generosity equalled his fortune.

6. Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place, at his country-house, he saw a young Christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention.

7. The youth seemed oppressed with labor, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed; and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his inquiries, informed him that he was a Genoese.

8. "And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to *me* your birth and condition." "Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son." "Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he said, "Thank heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

9. He took leave of the youth and immediately went to inquire after the corsair¹⁰ captain, who claimed a right in young Adorno, and, having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse, and a complete suit of handsome apparel,¹¹ he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free.

10. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

11. After a stay of some days at Tunis, to despatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homewards, accompanied by young Adorno, who, by his pleasing manners, had highly ingratiated¹² himself with him.

12. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him : —

13. “My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary, of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. *He* probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I hope you will not forget me.” Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

14. The young man had a prosperous voyage home, and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents, may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered¹ at sea), “And to whom,” said old Adorno, “am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?” “This letter,” said his son, “will inform you.” He opened it, and read as follows : —

15. “That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you

treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble ! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is

“ *The banished Uberto.*”

16. Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hands, while his son was displaying in the warmest language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him.

17. As the debt could not be cancelled,¹⁴ Adorno resolved, if possible, to repay it. He made so powerful intercession¹⁵ with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

1 FĀC'TIŌN. A party or a portion of a party, that promotes discord or contention.

2 DĒM-Q-CRĀT'I-CAL. Pertaining to a government by the people.

3 SUB-VĒRT'ING. Overturning.

4 CŌN-FIS-CĀ'TIŌN. Act of condemning private property to be transferred to public use.

5 FĪRST MĀG'IS-TRĀ-CY. The office of the chief of a body of magistrates, or public civil officers.

6 ĀG'GRĀ-VĀT ĒD. Made worse, enhanced in evil, heightened.

7 CLĒM'ĒN-CY. Mildness, lenity.

8 Q-BEY'SANCE (o-bā'-). A token of a willingness to obey.

9 MĒR'CAN-TILE. Commercial.

10 CŌR'SAIR. A pirate.

11 ĀP-PĀR'ĒL. Dress, clothing.

12 ĪN-GRĀ'TĪ-ĀT-ĒD (-shē-āt-ēd). Commended one's self to favor.

13 FŌŪN'DĒRED. Filled with water and sunk.

14 CĀN'CELLED. Blotted out, annulled, made void.

15 ĪN-TĒR-CĒS'SIŌN. A pleading for the cause of another.

LXX. — LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

CAMPBELL.

1. A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."
2. " Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,*
This dark and stormy water ?"
" Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.
3. " And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."
4. " His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny³ bride
When they have slain her lover ?"
5. Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,²
" I'll go, my chief ; I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome⁴ lady : —
6. " And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;

*Lochgyle (lök-ÿle'). A lake in the Highlands, or northern part of Scotland.

So, though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

7. By this the storm grew loud apace,⁵
The water-wraith⁶ was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
8. But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.
9. "O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."
10. The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, O! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.
11. And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.
12. For sore dismayed,⁷ through storm and shade,
His child he did discover : —
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

13. "Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
Across the stormy water :

"And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—O my daughter !"

14. 'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

1 HĒATH'ER. A low shrub.

2 BŌN'NY. Handsome, pretty.

3 WIGHT. A person.

4 WĪN'SOME. Merry, cheerful.

5 A-FAE'. Quickly, hastily.

6 WĀ'ZER-WRĀITH. A spirit supposed to reside in the waters.

7 DĪ-MĀYED'. Frightened, appalled.

LXXI.—APPEAL TO THE HUNGARIANS.

KOSSUTH.

1. OUR Fatherland is in danger ! Citizens of the Fatherland, to arms ! to arms ! Unless the whole nation rise up as one man, all our previous struggles will have been in vain ; the noble blood that has flowed like water will have been wasted ; and on the soil where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the Russian knout¹ will be wielded² over an enslaved people.

2. We tell you, people of Hungary, that the Austrian Emperor sends the hordes³ of Russian barbarians here for your destruction. If the people do not rise in their united strength they must fall a prey to famine. He who is not pierced by the weapons of the barbarous foe, must fall by hunger ; for the wild invaders

not only seize the fruits of your industry — the ripened sheaves of your harvest,— but they destroy even the unripe grain — trample it under their feet, and strew it over their camp.

3. So stalk they murderously onward, leaving slaughter, flame, famine, and misery in their track.

4. If the breath of life is in our people, they will save themselves and their Fatherland ; but if, paralyzed⁴ by coward fear, they remain supine,⁵ all will be lost. God will help no man who does not help himself.

5. Hungary's struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of freedom against tyranny. Our victory is the victory of freedom ; our fall is the fall of freedom. God has chosen us to redeem the nations from bodily servitude.⁶ In the wake of our victory will follow liberty to the oppressed nations of Europe. With our fall the star of freedom sets over all nations.

6. People of Hungary, will you die under the destroying sword of the savage Russians? If not, defend yourselves ! Will you look on while the Cossacks of the far North tread underfoot the dishonored bodies of your fathers, mothers, wives, and children? If not, defend yourselves !

7. Will you see a part of your countrymen dragged away to the wilds of Siberia, made to fight for tyrants in a foreign land, or bleed under the murderous Russian scourge? If not, defend yourselves ! Will you behold your villages in flames and your harvests destroyed? Will you die of hunger on the land which your sweat has made fertile? If not, defend yourselves !

8. We call upon the people, in the name of God and the country, to rise up in arms! Let a general crusade⁷ of the people against the enemy be declared from every pulpit, and from every town-house of the country, and made known by the continual ringing of bells!

9. One great effort, and the country is saved forever! We have yet an army which numbers near two hundred thousand determined men; but the struggle is no longer between two hostile camps. It is a war of tyranny against freedom, of barbarians against the collective might of a free nation.

10. Therefore must the whole people arise. If these millions sustain our army, we have gained freedom and victory for all Europe, as well as for ourselves. Therefore, O, strong, gigantic People, unite with the army, and rush to the conflict! Come, every freeman! To arms! To arms! Thus is victory certain,—but only thus!

1 КНОУТ. An instrument of punishment used in Russia for inflicting stripes on the bare back.

2 WIELD'ED. Used with full command; used with the hand.

3 HÖRDE. A wandering body of men who subsist by plunder and rapine.

4 PÄR'A-LYZED. Affected with palsy; benumbed, rendered torpid.

5 SÜ-PINK'. Lying on the back; inert, sluggish.

6 SÄR'Vİ-TÜDE. Slavery.

7 CRÜ-SÄDE.' A military expedition undertaken for a holy or religious purpose.

LXXII. — WAR SOMETIMES A DUTY.

MEAGHER.

1. WHEN national rights are to be vindicated, I do not repudiate¹ the resort to physical force—I do not abhor the use of arms. There are occasions when

arms alone will suffice; when political ameliorations⁴ call for a drop of blood — ay, for many thousand drops of blood.

2. Opinion, I admit, sir, may be left to operate against opinion. But force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument, but not against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with. But it is only the weaponed arm of the patriot, that can prevail against battalioned despotism. Therefore, sir, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles, bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

3. Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion, of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent, and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, yet, sir, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial⁵ flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

4. Abhor the sword? Stigmatize⁶ the sword? No! — for in the passes of the Tyrol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and through those craggy defiles⁶ struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Innsbruck! *

5. Abhor the sword? Stigmatize the sword? No! — for it swept the Dutch marauders⁶ out of the fine old towns of Belgium — scourged them back to their own phlegmatic⁷ swamps, and knocked their flag and sceptre,

* The capital city of the Tyrol, where the Tyrolese patriot Andreas Hofer, defeated the Bavarians in 1809.

their laws and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.*

6. Abhor the sword? Stigmatize the sword? No! — for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by the redeeming magic of the sword, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud republic — prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

1 RĖ-PŎ'Dĭ-ĪTĒ. Put away with dislike, reject.

2 A-MĒL-ĪQ-RĀ'TIŌN. Improvement.

3 Cĕ-LĒs'TĪĀL. Heavenly.

4 STĪG'MĀ-TĪZE. Set a mark of disgrace upon, brand.

5 Dĕ-FILE'. A long narrow pass, as between hills.

6 MĀ-RĀUD'ĒR. A roving, plundering soldier; a plunderer.

7 PHLĒG-MĀT'ĪC. Dull, sluggish, also, generating phlegm.

LXXIII.—EXECUTION OF HALE.

F. M. FINCH.

[Nathan Hale was an American officer in the Revolution. He was born in Connecticut in 1755, and was graduated at Yale College in 1773, with high honor. At a time when it was highly important to procure information as to the plans of the enemy, Captain Hale entered the British camp. In his attempt to return he was apprehended, and by order of General Howe was hung the next morning. He was denied a Bible, and the letters he had written to his mother and sisters were destroyed.]

1. To drum-beat and heart-beat,
 A soldier marches by;
 There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye,
 Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
 In a moment he must die.

2. By starlight and moonlight,
 He seeks the Briton's camp;

*Pronounced Skĕlt.

He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp ;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

3. With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery-guns
By the gaunt¹ and shadowy pine ;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.
4. The dark wave, the plumed wave !
It meets his eager glance,
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance ;
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald² expanse.³
5. A sharp clang, a steel clang !
And terror in the sound ;
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,⁴
In the camp a spy hath found !
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.
6. With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom ;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom ;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

7. In the long night, the still night,
 He kneels upon the sod,
 And the brutal guards withhold
 E'en the solemn⁵ Word of God !
 In the long night, the still night,
 He walks where Christ hath trod.
8. 'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon a tree ;
 And he mourns that he can lose
 But one life for Liberty ;
 And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spirit-wings are free.
9. His last words, his message⁶ words,
 They burn, lest friendly eye
 Should read how proud and calm
 A patriot could die ;
 With his last words, his dying words,
 A soldier's battle-cry.
10. From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
 From monument and urn,⁷
 The sad of Earth, the glad of Heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn ;
 And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
 The name of Hale shall burn.

1 GĀUNT. Long and thin ; lank.

2 ĒM'ĒR-ĀLD. Light green.

3 ƆX-PĀNSE'. Surface, extent.

4 FĀL'CON-EYED (fāl- or fāw'kn-id).
 Sharp-eyed as a falcon.

5 SÖL'ĒMN. Serious, sacred.

6 MĒS/sǻSE. Word or communica-
 tion sent from one person to an
 other.7 ŪRN. A vessel in which the Ro-
 mans placed the ashes of the
 dead ; hence, a tomb.

LXXIV:—TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

[Benedict Arnold was an American general in the Revolutionary war. He showed great bravery and skill on many occasions, in the cause of his country; but while in command of West Point he became a traitor, and plotted to deliver this stronghold into the hands of the British. His treason was discovered by the capture of John Andre, a major in the British army, as he was returning from an interview with Arnold. Arnold escaped, and joined the enemy. Andre was hung as a spy.

Talleyrand was a celebrated French statesman, born in 1754, died in 1838. After the fall of Louis XVI. he fled to the United States to escape the dangers that threatened him at home. Afterward he returned to France, and held various high offices successively under Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Louis Philippe.

The Reign of Terror is that period in French history after the execution of Louis XVI., from June 2, 1793, to July 27, 1794, during which Robespierre was at the head of the government. It was a period of fearful trials and butcheries.]

1. THERE was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, direct from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

2. "Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

3. The landlord hesitated a moment, then replied—"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or an Englishman, I cannot tell."

4. He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who, in his life, was Bishop, Prince, and Prime Minister—

ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant,¹ he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

5. In the farther corner of the dimly-lighted room, sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and gazed on Talleyrand's face with a peculiar² and searching expression.

6. His face was striking in outline, the mouth and chin indicative³ of an iron will. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.⁴

7. Talleyrand advanced — stated that he was a fugitive — and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices.⁵ He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

8. "I am a wanderer — an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner — the scenes of Paris have seized me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman, like you, has doubtless many friends."

9. The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber. He spoke as he stepped backward — his voice was full of meaning.

10. "I am the only man born in the New World

who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend — not one in all America !” Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

11. “Who are you?” he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room ; “your name?”

12. “My name,” he replied with a smile that had more mockery than joy in its convulsive expression — “my name is Benedict Arnold !” He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words — “*Arnold the Traitor* !”

13. Thus, you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer’s mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded⁶ room at that inn in Havre, his crime found him out, and forced him to tell his name — that name the synonyme⁷ of infamy.

14. The last twenty years of his life were covered with a cloud, from the darkness of which but a few gleams of light flashed out upon the page of history.

15. The manner of his death is not exactly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless — that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering the name of Andre in his ear, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever — “True to your country, what might you have been, O, *Arnold the Traitor* !”

1 SŪP’PLĪ-ANT. One who entreats.

2 PĒ-CŪL/LĀR. Belonging to one only, not common to many ; *also*, singular, unique.

3 ĮN-DĪŌ’Ā-TĪVE. Pointing out, showing, indicating.

4 CŌS-TŪME’. Style of dress, clothes.

5 ŌF’FĪ-CEŠ. Services.

6 SĒ-CLŪD’ĒD. Solitary, retired.

7 SĪN’Ō-NŪME. One of two or more words which have the same, or nearly the same, meaning.

LXXV.—THE COUGHING PARROT.

1. AN old sailor bought in a distant part of the world a beautiful green parrot. The good man designed¹ to give it as a present to the daughter of the merchant who owned the ship in which he sailed.

2. During his spare half-hours on the voyage home, he amused himself with teaching the parrot to speak, hoping his little friend Fanny would like the bird all the better if it could bring out a phrase or two, such as “Hurrah for Fanny!”

3. It so happened, however, that the old man was very much troubled with a bad cold during the voyage, and he always coughed a great deal while he was giving Poll her lessons. He was very much annoyed,² therefore, to find that after he had got the parrot to shout “Hurrah for Fanny!” it always followed that up by a dreadful fit of coughing.

4. When the old sailor handed his present to the young lady, everybody was much amused to hear Poll scream out “Hurrah for Fanny!” but when, directly after, the bird fell into a long, distressing fit of coughing, it was really painful to hear it. It was, however, very good fun to Poll, and as she coughed more than she talked, she had to be sent away.

5. Now why should young people be like this parrot? Young lads very often fix on some older boy whom they admire very much, and whom they imitate in every thing he does or says, whether it be good or bad. But if you see a person of your acquaintance doing clever and laudable³ actions, and at the same time guilty of bad

practices, why not try to do the clever and laudable actions, and let the bad practices alone?

6. Poor Poll, while learning to do a clever thing, had no more sense than to learn a disagreeable thing at the same time. Why should you be like the coughing parrot? You will fare no better than she did. People may admire you for your cleverness, but will tire of you for your bad habits, and will soon treat you accordingly.

- 1 DE-SIGNED' (dē-sind' or dē-şind'). | 2 AN-NÖYED'. Vexed, teased.
Intended, purposed. | 3 LAUD'ABLE. Worthy of praise.

LXXVI. — THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.

R. GARNETT.

1

THE stream was smooth as glass : we said, " Arise and
let's away " :

The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay ;
And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we gayly took
our way.

When shall the sandy bar be cross'd? when shall we
find the bay?

2

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted
plains ;

The stream is strong and turbulent,¹ and dark with
heavy rains ;

The laborer looks up to see our shallop speed away.

When shall the sandy bar be cross'd? when shall we
find the bay?

3

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds ;¹ the sun, superbly
 large,
 Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke, sinks flaming at
 their marge ;²
 The waves are bright, with mirror'd light, as jacinths³
 on our way.
 When shall the sandy bar be cross'd? when shall we
 find the bay?

4

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more
 we see
 The spreading river's either bank; and surging dis-
 tantly,
 There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers⁴ far away.
 Now shall the sandy bar be cross'd! now shall we find
 the bay!

5

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost?
 What roar of rampant⁵ tumult bursts in clangor⁶ on
 the coast?
 Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps every
 oar away.
 O stream! is this thy bar of sand? O boat! is this
 the bay?

1 TÜR'BU-LĒNT. Violently agitated.

2 SHRÖÜD. That which covers, con-
 ceals, or protects; a shelter.

3 MÁRGE. Margin, edge.

4 JĀ'CIŦTH. Hyacinth.

5 BREĀK'ERS. Waves broken violent-
 ly by rocks, a sand-bank, or the
 shore.

6 RĀM'PANT. Violent, raging.

7 CLĀN'GOR. A loud, shrill noise.

LXXVIL — PLANTS FURNISHING CLOTHING AND CORDAGE.

1. THERE are many plants, growing in various countries, which furnish materials for clothing and for cordage. In temperate climates we sometimes find fields covered by the slender flax, which grows only about two feet high, and, when in bloom, makes the surface of the land look as sweetly blue as the sky above. In other places, the tall, gloomy-looking hemp-plant, with its dark-green but graceful foliage and sombre flowers, grows high enough to hide the laborers who till it.

2. In more sunny climes the fields look like seas of gold and silver, with the yellow flowers and snow-white seed-down of the cotton plant; while, in other lands, the traveller gladly flies for shelter from the burning sun to the beautiful groves of the fibre-producing plantain, or to plantations of the cocoa-nut palm. In the East Indies, again, he cannot fail to be struck with the vast extent occupied by the coarse, tall, weedy jute-plant.

3. Many equally novel and curious crops would meet our eyes in various parts of the world, but these that we have mentioned produce the chief materials from which we make our clothing and our cordage.

4. The plant which we have first mentioned, flax, is cultivated in many parts of the world, our own country included. It has always been of great importance to the human race. The stock is long and slender, branching at the top, and bearing several beautiful light-blue flowers, about the size of a buttercup. These are succeeded by round pods of seed, each about as large as

a garden pea, and containing several of the little flat brown seeds called linseed, from which oil is extracted. The stalk is not more than half as thick as a wheaten straw, but very strong, because of the tough fibres which run through it from bottom to top.

5. These fibres, when separated² from the pith which is mixed with them and the skin which covers them, are the flax from which linen is made. In order to obtain them the plants are pulled up just after they have done flowering, and dried in the sun. Small bundles of them are then placed in the shallow part of a river or pond, stones or pieces of wood being laid on them to prevent their floating away. Sometimes they are simply exposed to the night dew. The moisture which they thus imbibe³ quickly causes the soft skin that covers the fibres to decay.

6. After this process is completed, the bundles are spread out to dry, and, when dried, the whole stalk can be easily rubbed to a powder, with the exception of the fibres, which are not impaired by the process. The bundles of fibres are next beaten with a heavy wooden implement, and to remove the skin and pith broken up by this operation, they are next heckled, or drawn through a peculiar kind of iron comb. The fibres which remain after these two operations are raw flax, and are fine enough for making coarse linen cloths; but they require to be heckled over and over again, through much finer combs, to render them suitable for the manufacturing of fine linen, lawn, and lace.

7. The hemp plant goes through a similar process. It is much coarser than the flax plant, and grows to a height of more than six feet. Great quantities are pro-

duced in Russia and Poland, and also, though not to the same extent, in Germany, Italy, India, and our own country. It would be hard to say what we should do without this very useful plant; for, from the fibres of its stem, after they have been separated and cleaned by processes similar to those described in the case of flax, we make cloth for the sails of our ships, and ropes for their rigging; and though many substitutes have been proposed for it, none have been found to answer so well.

8. In addition to sail-cloth and cordage, finer cloths and strings of all kinds are made from it. Even when hempen ropes are worn out they do not cease to be useful; for if they have been used for the rigging of ships, and are soaked through with tar, they may be untwisted, and the tarry hemp then forms what is called oakum, a most useful material to the ship carpenter, who stuffs it tightly in between the planks of ships to prevent leakage. If the ropes have not been soaked with tar, they may be used for making brown paper. Coarse white paper is made from the bleached or whitened sail-cloth. The finest kinds of paper, however, are made of linen rags; and this is another important and highly interesting use of the flax plant.

9. It is impossible to feel too grateful to the "giver of all good things" for enabling man to discover that from two such humble plants he can obtain the means of making fine linen for his clothing, thread for sewing his garments, lace for decorating rich dresses, sails to give wings to his ships, and carry them to and fro across the widest seas, ropes for rigging his ships, and last, but not least, paper upon which he can write or print his

thoughts, and spread them abroad for the benefit and instruction of his fellow-men.

10. The cotton plant, as a means of obtaining clothing for the human race, is even more important than either flax or hemp. It is exceedingly handsome, somewhat larger than a gooseberry bush, bearing fine large flowers, generally yellow, and not unlike those of our garden hollyhock. The plants are placed in the ground in rows, and carefully tended until they flower—the seeds being produced in pods about as large as a pigeon's egg. Each of these seeds is about the size of a small pea, of a dark brown color, and covered all over with fine white hairs, sometimes not more than an inch in length.

11. They are packed so closely in the pod that they are not visible when it first opens at the season of its maturity. Gradually, however, the hairs begin to unfold, and push their way out, until, like the down of the thistle, they are caught up by the wind and scattered abroad. The cultivator, however, interposes before their dispersion, and, gathering them, sends them to mills, where, by means of a machine called a cotton-gin, the hairs, or cotton wool, are separated from the seed, which is kept for sowing again, or for the manufacture of oil, and of oil-cake for cattle.

12. The cotton plant is cultivated with the greatest success and most extensively in the southern part of our own country and in India. It is also produced in South America, the West Indies, Egypt, and Turkey. It is manufactured into white cloth, calicoes,⁶ sewing-thread, and various other articles, either singly or in combination with woollen and silk. From first to last it gives employment to a great number of persons. Not only

does it occupy those who sow the seed, tend the crop, gather the wool and prepare it for the market, but millions of persons are employed in spinning, weaving, and dyeing⁶ it, in making it up into garments and other useful articles, and in selling it in various ways.

13. To these must be added the sailors employed in bringing it from various countries, those employed in unloading the ships, and the merchants who receive it. Thus these fine white silky hairs with which the Creator, in His wisdom and beneficence,⁷ has clothed the brown shell of the cotton seed, are in consequence of their fitness to supply the wants of mankind, the means of giving occupation⁸ to millions of our fellow-creatures.

1 SŪC-CĒĒD'ĒD. Followed in order of time or place.

2 ŠĒP'Ā-RĀT-ĒD. Disconnected, parted, sundered.

3 ĪM-BĪBĒ'. Drink in, absorb.

4 DĒC'Q-RĀT-ING. Adorning.

5 CĀL'Ī-CŌEŠ. Printed cotton cloths.

6 DYE'ING. Coloring.

7 BĒ-NĒF'Ī-CĒNCE. Active goodness.

8 ŪC-CŪ-PĀ'TIŪN. Employment.

LXXVIII.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

LONGFELLOW.

1. TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
2. Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
4. Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
5. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac¹ of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !
6. Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,— act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !
7. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ; —
8. Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,²
A forlorn³ and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
9. Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;

Still achieving,¹ still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 BIVOUAC (biv'ô-lik or biv'wâk). The act of an army that passes the night without encamping, in a state of watchfulness, ready for military action.</p> | <p>2 MÄIN. The open sea, the ocean.
3 FÖR-LÖRN'. Forsaken, wretched, deserted, solitary.
4 ACHIEV'ING. Accomplishing, performing, doing.</p> |
|---|--|

LXXIX.—TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

1. Do you know what gems or precious stones are like? They are very different from the stones that you see lying on the roads, or paving the streets. They are clear and bright; they are rare and valuable. The white ones, which, when light strikes them, sparkle into many colors, are called diamonds, those that are of a rich flashing red are rubies, the blue are sapphires, the green are emeralds, the purple are amethysts.

2. In countries very far away, in India, Brazil, Ceylon, Persia, Siberia, they are dug out of deep mines in the earth, or torn from the solid rocks, and even there they are not very plentiful, and are bought and sold for immense sums of money. After they have been cut and polished, and set in gold, they are worn in the crowns of monarchs, or in the robes and tresses of rich and beautiful ladies.

3. I know of a rich gem, that resembles¹ those of which I have been speaking in several particulars: it is clear and bright, and rare and precious.

4. Truth is clear and bright: it has nothing to hide; there are no mists about it. A truthful person has no

dark clouds of fear gathering about his heart, because of things that he has dared to do, but has not dared to confess, or has dared to deny. No ; he may have acted wrongly and foolishly, but, at least, he is free from the heavy weight and darkness of secrecy.

5. He who walks by the light of truth, has the advantage of the mid-day sun ; he who would spurn it, goes forth amid clouds and darkness. There is no way in which a person strengthens his own judgment, and acquires the respect of all who know him, so surely as by a scrupulous² regard to truth.

6. The course of such an individual is onward and straight onward. He is no weathercock, pointing one way to-day and another to-morrow. Truth to him is like a mountain landmark to the pilot ; he fixes his eye upon a point that does not move, and he enters the harbor in safety.

7. On the contrary, one who despises truth and loves falsehood, is like a pilot who takes a piece of drift-wood for his landmark, which changes with every changing wave. On this he fixes his attention ; and, being insensibly led from his course, strikes upon some hidden reef, and sinks to rise no more. Thus truth brings success ; falsehood results in ruin and contempt.

8. Justice is a great virtue, implying in its general sense the obligation to render to every one what is his due. In the common acceptation, it is the duty of being honest and fair in all our dealings. But it has a farther signification.³ It not only binds us to deal equitably⁴ in matters of property, but requires us to respect the feelings and characters of others.

9. If you take an unfair advantage of a man in a

bargain, you cheat him ; if you take away his goods or merchandise, without his consent, you are guilty of theft. If you forcibly take away another's purse, you are a robber. For all these acts of injustice, human laws provide punishment ; there are comparatively few, therefore, who will be guilty of such crimes.

10. But I am afraid that many persons, who would be shocked at the idea of cheating, thieving, or robbing, in matters of property, have yet no scruples in cheating another of what may be due to his character, — of stealing away his peace of mind, or robbing him of his fair fame. But it should not be forgotten, that justice requires fair dealing in the one case as well as in the other ; that if human laws watch over the rights of property, the all-seeing eye of Justice watches over the subtler rights and possessions of the heart.

11. It is true, we have walls and fences to protect our lands, and bolts and bars to secure our merchandise ; we have also statutes^b against acts of injustice in respect to property ; we have courts to try, and prisons to punish, offenders against these laws ; and all this array of power admonishes every member of society to be just in the common business of life.

12. But there are dearer possessions, than those of lands and merchandise. “ He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who robs me of my good name leaves me poor indeed.” And how shall these delicate interests be defended ? I know of no other way than by inculcating^c a sense of justice in society.

13. And, to make this effectual, let parents begin with their children. Let them not only caution them against theft, and cheating, and robbery, but against all those

little tricks, arts, and artifices, by which children attempt to wound each other's feelings; by which one child endeavors to shift to another the blame that belongs to himself; and, above all, against the wanton, mischievous, or malicious⁷ tendency, which children often have, to exaggerate⁸ the faults or misrepresent the conduct of others.

14. One thing farther, let children be taught by example and precept never to wound a person's feelings because he is poor; because he is deformed; because he is unfortunate; because he holds a humble station in life; because he is weak in body or mind; because he is awkward, or because the God of Nature has bestowed⁹ upon him a darker skin than upon others.

15. The rich person, who makes an ostentatious¹⁰ display of his wealth, and thereby robs a poor one of his peace of mind, is, in the eye of morality, a robber. The fortunate person who bestows scorn and contempt upon the unfortunate, and thus takes away his self-respect, is, in the eye of morality, a thief. Let such lessons as these be engraved on the heart of every young person.

1 RĒ-ŞĒM'BLEŞ. Appears like.

2 SCRŪ'PŪ LOŪS. Careful, exact.

3 SIG-NIF-I-CĀ'TIŌN. Meaning.

4 ĒQ'UI-TĀ-BLY. Justly.

5 STĀT'ŪTEŞ. Written laws.

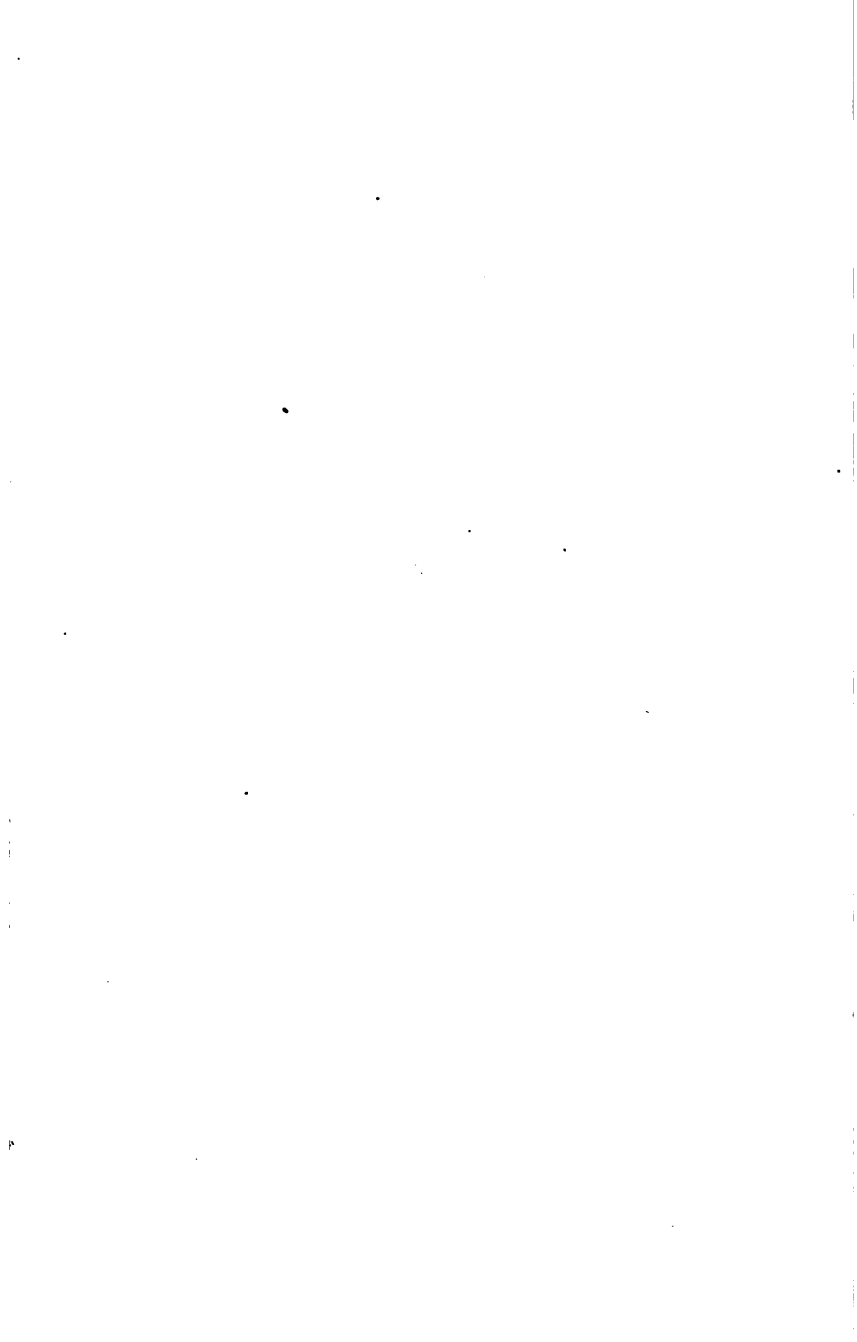
6 İN-CŪL/CĀT-İNG. Impressing or urging on the mind.

7 MĀ-LY'CIOVS. Full of ill-will or enmity without cause, ill-disposed.

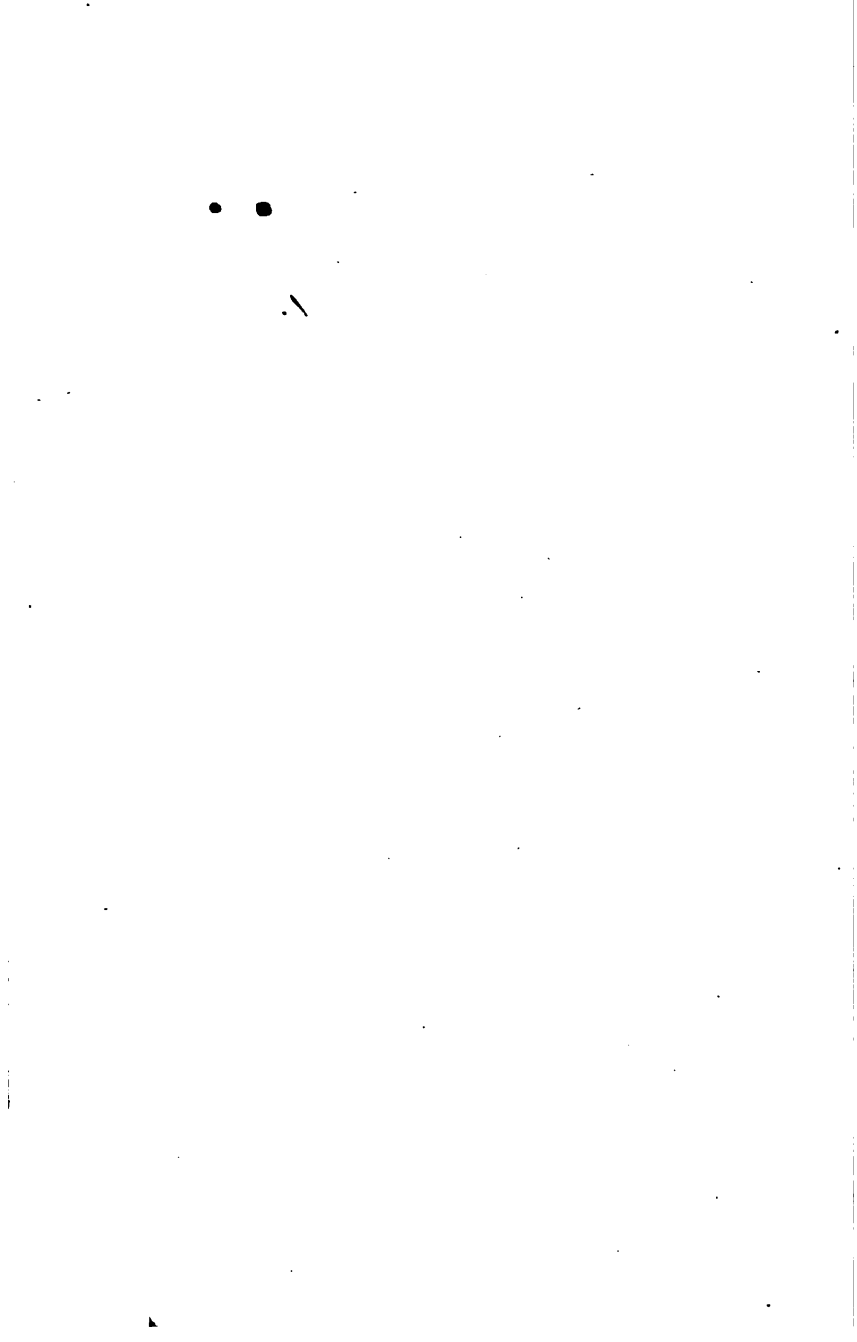
8 ĒX-ĀG'ĒER-ĀTE. Enlarge beyond the truth, overstate.

9 BĒ-STŌWED'. Conferred.

10 ŌS-TĒN-TĀ'TIOVS. Boastful, vain, affectedly showy.







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